# THE Rival-Ladies: A Tragi-Comedy.

As it is Acted at the *THEATRE-ROYAL*, BY Their MAJESTIES Servants.

*Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.*

Written by *JOHN DRIDEN*, Esq;

*LONDON*,
Printed by *T. W.* for *H. Herringman*, and are to be Sold by *R. Bentley*, *J. Tonson*, *F. Saunders*, and *T. Bennet*, 1693.

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To the Right Honourable

# *ROGER* Earl of *ORRERY*.

*MY LORD*,

THIS worthless Present was design'd you, long before it was a Play, when it was only a confus'd Mass of Thoughts, tumbling over one another in the dark; when the Fancy was yet in its first Work, moving the sleeping Images of things towards the light, there to be distinguish'd, and then either chosen or rejected by the Judgment: It was yours, *My Lord*, before I could call it mine. And, I confess, in that first Tumult of my Thoughts, there appear'd a disorderly kind of Beauty in some of them, which gave me hope, something worthy my Lord of *Orrery* might be drawn from them: But I was then in that eagerness of imagination, which by over-pleasing Fanciful Men, flatters them into the danger of Writing; so that when I had molded it to that Shape it now bears, I look'd with such Disgust upon it, that the Censures of our severest Criticks are charitable to what I thought (and still think) of it my self: 'Tis so far from me to think this perfect, that I am apt to conclude our best Plays are scarcely so; for the Stage being the Representation of the World, and the Actions in it, how can it be imagin'd, that the Picture of humane Life can be more exact, than Life it self is; He may be allowed sometimes to Err, who undertakes to move so many Characters and Humours, as are requisite in a Play, in those narrow Chanels which are proper to each of them: To conduct his imaginary Persons, through so many various Intrigues and Chances, as the Labouring Audience shall think them lost under every Billow; and then at length to work them so naturally out of their Distresses, that when the whole Plot is laid open, the Spectators may rest satisfied, that every cause was powerful enough to produce the effect it had; and that the whole Chain of them was with such due Order link'd together, that the first Accident would naturally beget the second, till they all render'd the conclusion necessary.

These difficulties, *My Lord*, may reasonably excuse the Errors of my undertaking; but for this confidence of my Dedication, I have an Argument which is too advantagious for me, not to publish it to the World. 'Tis the kindness your Lordship has continually shown to all my Writings. You have been pleased, *My Lord*, they should sometimes cross the *Irish* Seas to kiss your hands; which passage (contrary to the Experience of others) I have found the least dangerous in the World. Your favour has shone upon me at a remote distance, without the least knowledge of my Person; and (like the Influence of the Heavenly Bodies) you have done

good, without knowing to whom you did it. 'Tis this Virtue in your Lordship, which emboldens me to this attempt: For did I not consider you as my Patron, I have little reason to desire you for my Judge; and should appear with as much awe before you in the Reading, as I had when the full Theatre sate upon the Action. For who could so severely judge of faults as he, who has given testimony he commits none; your excellent Poems having afforded that knowledge of it to the World, that your Enemies are ready to upbraid you with it, as a crime for a Man of Business to Write so well. Neither durst I have justified your Lordship in it, if Examples of it had not been in the World before you, if *Xenophon* had not written a Romance, and a certain *Roman*, call'd *Augustus Cæsar*, a Tragedy, and Epigrams. But their Writing was the entertainment of their Pleasure, yours is only a Diversion of your Pain. The *Muses* have seldom employed your thoughts, but when some violent fit of the Gout has snatch'd you from Affairs of State: And, like the Priestess of *Apollo*, you never come to deliver his Oracles, but unwillingly, and in torment. So that we are oblig'd to your Lordship's Misery for our Delight: You treat us with the cruel pleasure of a *Turkish* Triumph, where those who cut and wound their Bodies, sing Songs of Victory as they pass, and divert others with their own Sufferings. Other Men endure their Diseases, your Lordship only can enjoy them. Plotting and Writing in this kind, are certainly more troublesome Employments than many which signifie more, and are of greater moment in the World: The Fancy, Memory, and Judgment are then extended (like so many Limbs) upon the Rack; all of them reaching with their utmost stress at Nature; a thing so almost Infinite and Boundless, as can never fully be comprehended, but where the Images of all things are always present. Yet I wonder not, your Lordship succeeds so well in this attempt; the Knowledge of Men is your daily practice in the World; to work and bend their stubborn Minds, which go not all after the same Grain, but each of them so particular a way, that the same common Humours, in several Persons, must be wrought upon by several Means. Thus, *My Lord*, your Sickness is but the Imitation of your Health; the Poet, but subordinate to the States-man in you; you still govern Men with the same Address, and manage Business with the same Prudence; allowing it here (as in the World) the due Increase and Growth, till it comes to the just heighth; and then turning it when it is fully ripe, and Nature calls out, as it were, to be deliver'd. With this only advantage of ease to you in your Poetry, that you have Fortune here at your command: with which, Wisdom does often unsuccessfully struggle in the World. Here is no chance which you have not foreseen; all your Heroes are more than your Subjects, they are your Creatures; and though they seem to move freely, in all the Sallies of their Passions, yet you make Destinies for them which they cannot shun. They are moy'd (if I may dare to say so) like the Rational Creatures of the Almighty Poet, who walk at Liberty, in their own Opinion, because their Fetters are invincible, when indeed the Prison of their Will, is the more sure for being large: And instead of an absolute Power over their

Actions,

Actions, they have only a wretched Desire of doing that, which they cannot choose but do.

I have dwelt, *My Lord*, thus long upon your Writing, not because you deserve not greater and more noble Commendations, but because I am not equally able to express them in other Subjects. Like an ill Swimmer, I have willingly staid long in my own Depth: And though I am eager of performing more, yet am loth to venture out beyond my Knowledge. For beyond your Poetry, *My Lord*, all is Ocean to me. To speak of you as a Soldier, or a States-man, were only to betray my own ignorance; and I could hope no better success from it, than that miserable *Rhetorician* had, who solemnly Declaim'd before *Hannibal*, of the Conduct of Arms, and the Art of War. I can only say in general, That the Souls of other Men shine out at little Cranies; they understand some one thing, perhaps to Admiration, while they are Darkned on all the other Parts: But your Lordship's Soul is an intire Globe of Light, breaking out on every side; and if I have only discover'd one Beam of it, 'tis not that the Light falls unequally, but because the Body which receives it, is of unequal Parts.

The acknowledgment of which is a fair occasion offer'd me, to retire from the consideration of your Lordship to that of my Self: I here present you, *My Lord*, with that in print, which you had the goodness not to dislike upon the Stage; and account it happy so have met you here in *England*: it being at best, like small Wines, to be drunk out upon the place, and has not body enough to endure the Sea. I know not whether I have been so careful of the Plot and Language as I ought; but for the latter, I have endeavour'd to write *English*, as near as I could distinguish it, from the Tongue of *Pedants*, and that of affected Travellers: Only I am sorry, that (speaking so noble a Language as we do) we have not a more certain measure of it, as they have in *France*, where they have an Academy erected for that purpose, and indow'd with large Priviledges by the present King. I wish we might at length leave to borrow Words from other Nations, which is now a Wantonness in us, not a Necessity; but so long as some affect to speak them; there will not want others who will have the boldness to write them.

But I fear lest defending the receiv'd words, I shall be accus'd for following the New way, I mean, of writing Scenes in Verse: Though, to speak properly, 'tis not so much a new way amongst us, as an old way new reviv'd; For many years before *Shakespear*'s Plays, was the Tragedy of Queen *Gorboduc* in *English* Verse, written by that famous Lord *Buckhurst*, afterwards Earl of *Dorset*, and Progenitor to that Excellent Person, who (as he inherits his Soul and Title) I wish may inherit his good Fortune. But supposing our Countrey-men had not receiv'd this Writing till of late; shall we oppose our selves to the most polish'd and civiliz'd Nations of *Europe*? Shall we with the same singularity oppose the World in this, as most of us do in pronouncing *Latin*? Or do we desire, that the Brand which *Barclay* has (I hope) unjustly laid upon the *English*, should still continue, *Angli suos ac sua omnia impense mirantur; cæteras nationes despectui habent.* All the *Spanish* and *Italian* Tragedies I have yet seen, are

are writ in Rhyme: For the *French*, I do not name them, because it is the Fate of our Countrey-men to admit little of theirs among us, but the Basest of their Men, the Extravagancies of their Fashions, and the Fripperie of their Merchandise. *Shakespear* (who with some Errors not to be avoided in that Age, had, undoubtedly, a larger Soul of Poesie than ever any of our Nation) was the first, who, to shun the pains of continual Rhyming, invented that kind of Writing, which we call Blank Verse, but the *French* more properly, *Prose Measures*: Into which the *English* Tongue so naturally slides, that in writing Prose 'tis hardly to be avoided. And therefore I admire, some Men should perpetually stumble in a way so easie. And inverting the order of their Words, constantly close their Lines with Verbs; which though commended sometimes in writing *Latine*, yet we were whipt at *Westminster* if we us'd it twice together. I know some, who, if they were to write in Blank Verse, Sir, *I ask your pardon*, would think it sounded more Heroically to write, Sir, *I your pardon ask*. I should judge him to have little command of *English*, whom the necessity of a Rhyme should force often upon this Rock, though sometimes it cannot easily be avoided: And indeed this is the only inconvenience with which Rhyme can be charged. This is that which makes them say, Rhyme is not natural, it being only so, when the Poet either makes a vicious choice of Words, or places them for Rhyme sake so unnaturally, as no Man would in ordinary speaking. But when 'tis so judiciously ordered, that the first Word in the Verse seems to beget the second, and that the next, till that becomes the last Word in the Line, which in the negligence of Prose would be so; it must then be granted, Rhyme has all the advantage of Prose, besides its own. But the Excellence and Dignity of it, were never fully known till Mr. *Waller* taught it; he first made Writing easily an Art; first shew'd us to conclude the Sense, most commonly, in Distichs; which in the Verse of those before him, runs on for so many Lines together, that the Reader is out of breath to overtake it. This sweetness of Mr. *Waller*'s *Lyrick* Poesie, was afterwards follow'd in the Epick by Sir *John Denham*, in his *Coopers-Hill*: A Poem which your Lordship knows, for the Majesty of the Style, is, and ever will be, the exact Standard of good Writing. But if we owe the Invention of it to Mr. *Waller*, we are acknowledging for the noblest use of it to Sir *William D'avenant*, who at once brought it upon the Stage, and made it perfect, in the Siege of *Rhodes*.

The advantages which Rhyme has over Blank Verse, are so many, that it were lost time to name them: Sir *Philip Sidney*, in his defence of Poesie, gives us one, which, in my Opinion, is not the least considerable; I mean, the help it brings to Memory: which Rhyme so knits up by the affinity of Sounds, that by remembring the last Words in one Line, we often call to mind both the Verses. Then in the quickness of Repartees, (which in Discoursive Scenes fall very often) it has so particular a Grace, and is so aptly suited to them, that the sudden smartness of the Answer, and the sweetness of the Rhyme, set off the Beauty of each other. But that benefit which I consider most in it, because I have not seldom found it, is, that it

bounds

bounds and circumscribes the fancy. For imagination in a Poet, is a Faculty so wild and lawless, that, like an high-ranging Spaniel, it must have Clogs tied to it, lest it out-run the Judgment. The great easiness of Blank Verse, renders the Poet too luxuriant; he is tempted to say many things which might better be omitted, or at least shut up in fewer words: But when the difficulty of Artful Rhyming is interpos'd, where the Poet commonly confines his Sence to his Couplet, and must contrive that Sence into such Words, that the Rhyme shall naturally follow them, not they the Rhyme; the Fancy then gives leisure to the Judgment to come in; which seeing so heavy a Tax impos'd, is ready to cut off all unnecessary Expences. This last Consideration has already answer'd an Objection which some have made; That Rhyme is only an Embroidery of Sense, to make that which is ordinary in it self, pass for Excellent with less Examination. But certainly, that which most regulates the Fancy, and gives the Judgment its busiest employment, is like to bring forth the richest and clearest Thoughts. The Poet examines that most which he produceth with the greatest leisure, and which, he knows, must pass the severest Test of the Audience, because they are aptest to have it ever in their Memory: As the Stomach makes the best Concoction, when it strictly embraces the Nourishment, and takes account of every little Particle as it passes through. But as the best Medicines may lose their Virtue by being ill applied, so is it with Verse, if a fit Subject be not chosen for it. Neither must the Argument alone, but the Characters, and Persons be great and noble; Otherwise (as *Scaliger* says of *Claudian*) the Poet will be *Ignobilitate materia depressus*. The Scenes, which, in my Opinion, most commend it, are those of Argumentation and Discourse, on the result of which, the doing or not doing some considerable action should depend.

But, *My Lord*, though I have more to say upon this Subject, yet I must remember, 'tis your Lordship to whom I speak; who have much better commended this way by your Writing in it, than I can do by Writing for it. Where my Reasons cannot prevail, I am sure your Lordship's Example must. Your Rhetorick has gain'd my Cause; at least, the greatest part of my Design has already succeeded to my Wish, which was to interest so Noble a Person in the Quarrel, and withal, to testifie to the World how happy I esteem my Self in the Honour of being,

*MY LORD,*

*Your Lordship's most Humble*

*and most Obedient Servant,*

JOHN DRIDEN.

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PRO-

# PROLOGUE
## TO THE
# RIVAL-LADIES.

*'TIS much desir'd, you Judges of the Town*
*Would pass a Vote, to put all* Prologues *down;*
*For who can show me, since they first were Writ,*
*They e'r Converted one Hard-hearted Wit:*
*Yet the World's mended well; in former Days,*
*Good* Prologues *were as scarce, as now good* Plays.
*For the reforming Poets of our Age,*
*In this first Charge, spend their Poetick Rage:*
*Expect no more, when once the* Prologue's *done;*
*The Wit is ended e'er the* Play's *begun.*
*You now have Habits, Dances, Scenes, and Rhymes;*
*High Language often; I, and Sense, sometimes:*
*As for a clear Contrivance, doubt it not;*
*They blow out Candles, to give Light to th' Plot.*
*And for Surprize, two Bloudy-minded Men*
*Fight till they Die, then rise and Dance again:*
*Such deep Intrigues you're welcome to this Day:*
*But blame your selves, not him who Writ the* Play;
*Though his Plot's dull, as can be well desir'd,*
*Wit stiff as any you have e'er admir'd:*
*He's bound to please, not to Write well; and knows,*
*There is a Mode in* Plays, *as well as Cloaths:*
*Therefore, kind Judges*----------

A SE-

# A SECOND PROLOGUE

Enters.

2. ------- *Hold; would you admit*
*For Judges all you ſee within the Pit?*
1. *Whom would he then Except, or on what Score?*
2. *All, who (like him) have writ ill Plays before;*
*For they, like Thieves Condemn'd, are Hang-men made,*
*To execute the Members of their Trade.*
*All that are Writing now he would diſown:*
*But then he muſt Except, ev'n all the Town.*
*All Chol'rique, loſing Gameſters, who in ſpight,*
*Will Damn to Day, becauſe they loſt laſt Night.*
*All Servants, whom their Miſtreſs's ſcorn upbraids;*
*All Maudlin Lovers, and all Slighted Maids:*
*All who are out of Humour, or Severe;*
*All, that want Wit, or hope to find it here.*

# Perſonæ Dramatis.

*Don Gonſalvo de Peralta*, A young Gentleman, newly arriv'd from the *Indies*; } In Love with *Julia*.

*Don Rhodorigo de Sylva*; } In Love with the ſame Lady

*Don Manuel de Torres*; } Brother to *Julia*.

*Julia*, Elder Siſter to *Don Manuel*; } Promis'd to *Rhodorigo*.

*Honoria*, younger Siſter to *Don Manuel*, diſguis'd in the Habit of a Man, and going by the Name of *Hippolito*; } In Love with *Gonſalvo*.

*Angellina*, Siſter to *Don Rhodorigo*, in Man's Habit; } Likewiſe in Love with *Gonſalvo*, and going by the Name of *Amideo*.

Servants. } Sea-men.

Robbers. } Maſquers.

*The Scene*, Alicant.

THE

# THE RIVAL-LADIES.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

### *The* SCENE, *A Wood.*

*Enter* Gonſalvo, Servant.

*Gonſ.* NAY, 'twas a ſtrange as well as cruel Storm,
To take us almoſt in the Port of *Sevil*,
And drive us up as far as *Barcellona*;
The whole Plate-Fleet was ſcatter'd, ſome part wrack'd;
There one might ſee the Sailors diligent
To caſt O'er board the Maſter's envy'd Wealth,
While he, all Pale, and Dying, ſtood in doubt
Whether to eaſe the burthen of the Ship,
By drowning of his Ingots, or himſelf.
*Serv.* Fortune is a Woman every where,
But moſt upon the Sea.
*Gonſ.* Had that been all,
I ſhould not have complain'd; but ere we could
Repair our Ship, to drive us back again,
Was ſuch a Cruelty------
*Serv.* Yet that ſhort time you ſtaid at *Barcellona*,
You husbanded ſo well, I think you left
A Miſtriſs there.
*Gonſ.* I made ſome ſmall Eſſays
Of Love; what might have been, I cannot tell:
But, to leave that, upon what part of *Spain*
Are we now caſt?
*Serv.* Sir, I take that City to be *Alicant*.
*Gonſ.* Some Days muſt of neceſſity be ſpent
In looking to our Ship; then back again

For *Sevil.*

*Serv.* There you're ſure you ſhall be welcome.

*Gonſ.* I, if my Brother *Rhodorick* be return'd
From *Flanders*; but 'tis now three years ſince I
Have heard from him, and ſince I ſaw him twelve.

*Serv.* Your growth, and your long abſence in the *Indies*,
Have alter'd you ſo much, he'll ſcarcely know you.

*Gonſ.* I'm ſure I ſhould not him, and leſs my Siſter,
Who, when I, with my Uncle, went this Voyage,
Was then one of thoſe little prating Girls,
Of whom fond Parents tell ſuch tedious ſtories.
Well, go you back.

*Serv.* I go, Sir.

*Gonſ.* And take care
None of the Sea-men ſlip aſhore.

*Serv.* I ſhall, Sir. [*Exit* Servant.

*Gonſ.* I'll walk a little while among theſe Trees,
Now the freſh ev'ning air blows from the Hills,
And breaths the ſweetneſs of the Orange-Flowers
Upon me, from the Gardens near the City.

*Robbers within.*

1 *Rob.* I ſay, make ſure, and kill him.

*Hip.* For Heavens dear ſake have pity on my Youth. [*Within.*

*Gonſ.* Some Violence is offer'd in the Wood
By Robbers to a Traveller; Whoe'er
Thou art, Humanity obliges me
To give thee Succour!

*Hip.* Help! Ah, cruel Men! [*Within.*

*Gonſ.* This way I think the Voice came, 'tis not far. [*Exit.*

[*The Scene draws, and diſcovers* Hippolito *bound to a Tree, and Two Robbers by him with drawn Swords.*

2 *Rob.* Strip him, and let him go.

1 *Rob.* Diſpatch him quite; off with his Doublet quickly.

*Hip.* Ah me, unfortunate!

*Enter* Gonſalvo, *ſeizes the Sword of one of them, runs him through; then, after a little Reſiſtance, diſarms the other.*

2 *Rob.* If you have Mercy in you, ſpare my Life;
I never was conſenting to a Deed,
So black as Murder, though my Fellow urg'd me:
I only meant to rob, and I am puniſh'd
Enough, in miſſing of my wicked Aim.

*Gonſ.* Do they rob Angels here? This ſweet Youth has
A Face ſo like one which I lately ſaw,
It makes your Crime of Kin to Sacrilege:

But

But live; and henceforth
Take Nobler Courſes to maintain your Life:
Here's ſomething that will reſcue you from Want,
Till you can find Employment.

[*Gives him Gold, and unbinds* Hippolito.

*Hip.* What ſtrange Adventure's this! How little hop'd I,
When thus diſguis'd I ſtole from *Barcellona*,
To be reliev'd by grave *Gonſalvo* here? [*Aſide.*

2 *Rob.* That Life you have preſerv'd ſhall ſtill be yours;
And that you may perceive how much my Nature
Is wrought upon, by this your generous Act;
That Goodneſs you have ſhown to me, I'll uſe
To others for your Sake, if you dare truſt me
A moment from your ſight.

*Gonſ.* Nay, take your Sword,
I will not ſo much cruſh a budding Virtue,
As to ſuſpect----- [*Gives him his Sword.*

[*Exit* Robber.

Sweet Youth, you ſhall not leave me,
Till I have ſeen you ſafe.

*Hip.* You need not doubt it:
Alas! I find I cannot if I would;
I am but free to be a greater Slave: [*Aſide.*
How much am I oblig'd, Sir, to your Valour?

*Gonſ.* Rather to your own Sweetneſs, pretty Youth;
You muſt have been ſome way preſerv'd, though I
Had not been near; my Aid did but prevent
Some Miracle more ſlowly ſetting out,
To ſave ſuch Excellence.

*Hip.* How much more gladly could I hear thoſe Words,
If he that ſpoke them knew he ſpoke to me! [*Aſide.*

*Re-Enter the* Robber, *with* Don Manuel *and* Julia *bound.*

My Brother and my Siſter Priſ'ners too!
They cannot ſure diſcover me through this
Diſguiſe; however I'll not venture it. [*Steps behind the Trees.*

2 *Rob.* This Gentleman and Lady [*To* Gonſalvo *privately.*
My Fellows bound. [*Exit* Robber.

*Man.* We muſt prepare to die;
This is the Captain of the Pickaroons.

*Jul.* Methinks he looks like one; I have a ſtrange
Averſion to that Man; he's fatal to me.

*Gonſ.* I ne'er ſaw Excellence in a Woman-kind [*Stares on her.*
Till now, and yet diſcern it at the firſt:
Perfection is diſcover'd in a moment.
He that ne'er ſaw the Sun before, yet knows him.

*Jul.* How the Villain ſtares upon me!

*Gonſ.*

*Gonf.* Wonder prepares my Soul, and then Love enters:
But Wonder is ſo cloſe purſu'd by Love,
That, like a Fire, it warms as ſoon as born.
*Man.* If we muſt die, what need theſe Circumſtances?
*Jul.* Heav'n defend me from him.
*Gonf.* Why, Madam, can you doubt a Rudeneſs from me?
Your very Fears and Griefs create an Awe.
Such Majeſty they bear, methinks I ſee
Your Soul retir'd within her inmoſt Chamber,
Like a fair Mourner ſit in State, with all
The ſilent Pomp of Sorrow round about her.
*Man.* Your Language does expreſs a Man bred up
To worthier ways than thoſe that follow now.
*Gonf.* What does he mean? [*Aſide.*
*Man.* If (as it ſeems) you Love; Love is a Paſſion
Which kindles Honour into Noble Acts:
Reſtore my Siſter's Liberty; oblige her,
And ſee what Gratitude will work.
*Gonf.* All this is ſtranger yet.
*Man.* What-e'er a Brother's Power
To morrow can do for you, claim it boldly.
*Gonf.* I know not why you think your ſelves my Pris'ners;
This Lady's Freedom is a thing too precious
To be diſpos'd by any but her ſelf:
But value this ſmall Service as you pleaſe,
Which you reward too prodigally, by
Permitting me to pay her more.
*Jul.* Love from an Out-Law! from a Villain Love!
If I have that Power on thee thou pretend'ſt,
Go, and purſue thy Miſchiefs, but preſume not
To follow me: ------ Come, Brother. [*Ex.* Julia, Manuel.
*Gonf.* Thoſe foul Names, of Out-Law, and of Villain,
I never did deſerve: They raiſe my Wonder. [*Walks.*
Dull that I was, not to find this before!
She took me for the Captain of the Robbers:
It muſt be ſo; I'll tell her her Miſtake.
[*Goes out haſtily, and returns immediately.*
She's gone, ſhe's gone, and who or whence ſhe is,
I cannot tell; methinks ſhe ſhould have left
A Track ſo bright, I might have follow'd her;
Like ſetting Suns, that vaniſh in a Glory.
O Villain, that I am! O hated Villain!

*Re-Enter* Hippolito.

*Hip.* I cannot ſuffer you to wrong your ſelf
So much; for though I do not know your Perſon,
Your Actions are too Fair, too Noble, Sir,

To

To merit that foul Name.

*Gonſ.* Prithee do not flatter me, I am a Villain;
That admirable Lady ſaid I was.

*Hip.* I fear you love her, Sir.

*Gonſ.* No, no; not love her:
Love is the Name of ſome more gentle Paſſion;
Mine is a Fury grown up in a moment
To an Extremity, and laſting in it:
An Heap of Powder ſet on fire, and burning
As long as any ordinary Fuel.

*Hip.* How could he love ſo ſoon? and yet alas!
What Cauſe have I to ask that Queſtion,
Who lov'd him the firſt minute that I ſaw him?
I cannot leave him thus, though I perceive,
His Heart engag'd another way. [*Aſide.*
Sir, can you have ſuch Pity on my Youth, [*To him.*
On my forſaken and my helpleſs Youth,
To take me to your Service?

*Gonſ.* Wouldſt thou ſerve
A Mad-Man? How can he take care of thee,
Whom Fortune and his Reaſon have abandon'd?
A Man, that ſaw, and lov'd, and diſoblig'd,
Is baniſh'd, and is mad, all in a moment.

*Hip.* Yet you alone have Title to my Service;
You make me Yours, by your preſerving me:
And that's the Title Heav'n has to Mankind.

*Gonſ.* Prithee, no more.

*Hip.* I know your Miſtreſs too.

*Gonſ.* Ha! Doſt thou know the Perſon I adore?
Anſwer me quickly; ſpeak, and I'll receive thee:
Haſt thou no Tongue?

*Hip.* Why, did I ſay I knew her?
All I can hope for, if I have my wiſh,
To live with him, is but to be unhappy. [*Aſide.*

*Gonſ.* Thou falſe and lying Boy, to ſay thou knew'ſt her;
Prethee ſay ſomething, though thou coſen'ſt me.

*Hip.* Since you will know, her Name is *Julia*, Sir,
And that young Gentleman you ſaw, her Brother,
*Don Emanuel de Torres.*

*Gonſ.* Say I ſhould take thee, Boy, and ſhould employ thee
To that fair Lady, would'ſt thou ſerve me faithfully?

*Hip.* You ask me an hard Queſtion; I can die
For you, perhaps I cannot woo ſo well.

*Gonſ.* I knew thou would'ſt not do't.

*Hip.* I ſwear I would:
But, Sir, I grieve to be the Meſſenger
Of more unhappy News; ſhe muſt be Marri'd.

This

This day to one *Don Rodorick de Sylva*,
Betwixt whom and her Brother there has been
A long (and it was thought a mortal) Quarrel:
But now it muſt for ever end in peace:
For hapning both to love each others Siſters,
They have concluded it in a croſs Marriage;
Which, in the Palace of *Don Rodorick*,
They went to celebrate, from their Country-houſe,
When, taken by the Thieves, you reſcu'd them.

*Gonſ.* Me-thinks I am grown patient on a ſudden,
And all my rage is gone: Like loſing Gameſters,
Who fret, and ſtorm, and ſwear at little loſſes:
But when they ſee all hope of fortune vaniſh'd,
Submit and gain a Temper by their ruine.

*Hip.* Would you could caſt this Love, which troubles you,
Out of your mind.

*Gonſ.* I cannot, Boy; but ſince
Her Brother, with intent to cozen me,
Made me the promiſe of his beſt aſſiſtance;
I'll take ſome courſe to be reveng'd of him. [*Is going out.*
But ſtay, I charge thee, Boy, diſcover not
To any who I am.

*Hip.* Alas, I cannot, Sir, I know you not.

*Gonſ.* Why, there's it; I am mad again; Oh Love!

*Hip.* Oh Love! [*Exeunt ambo.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter two Servants of* Don Rodorick's, *placing Chairs, and talking as they place them.*

1 *Serv.* Make ready quickly there; *Don Manuel*
And his fair Siſter, that muſt be our Lady,
Are coming in.

2. They have been long expected;
'Tis Evening now, and Canonick Hours
For Marriage are paſt.

1. The nearer Bed-time,
The better ſtill; my Lord will not defer it:
He ſwears the Clergy are not fit Judges
Of our Neceſſities.

2. Where is my Lord?

1. Gone out to meet his Bride.

2. I wonder, That my Lady *Angellina*
Went not with him, ſhe's to be married too.

1. I do not think ſhe fanſies much the Man;

On-y

Only to make the Reconcilement perfect
Betwixt the Families, she's passive in it;
The Choice being but her Brother's, not her Own.
2. Troth, were't my Case, I care not who chose for me.
1. Nor I; 'twould save the Process of a tedious Passion,
A long Law-Suit of Love, which quite consumes
An honest Lover 'ere he gets Possession:
I would come plump, and fresh and all my self,
Serv'd up to my Bride's Bed like a Fat Fowl,
Before the Frost of Love had nipt me through.
I look on Wives as on good dull Companions,
For Elder Brothers to sleep out their Time with;
All we can hope for in the Marriage-Bed,
Is but to take our Rest; and what care I
Who lays my Pillow for me.

*Enter a* Poet *with Verses.*

2. Now, What's your Business, Friend?
*Poet.* An *Epithalamium* to the Noble Bridegrooms.
1. Let me see; What's here? As I live, [*Takes it.*
Nothing but downright Bawdry: Sirrah, Rascal,
Is this an Age for Ribaldry in Verse?
When every Gentleman in Town speaks it
With so much better Grace, than thou canst write it.
I'll beat thee with a Staff of thine own Rhymes.
*Poet.* Nay, good Sir. [*Runs off, and* Exit.
2. Peace, they are here.

*Enter* Don Rhodorick, Don Manuel, Julia, *and Company.*

1. My Lords look sullenly, and fain would hide it.
2. However he weds *Don Manuel*'s Sister, yet,
I fear he's hardly reconcil'd to him.
*Jul.* I tremble at it still.
*Rod.* I must confess,
Your Danger great: But, Madam, since 'tis past,
To speak of it were to renew your Fears.
My Noble Brother, welcome to my Breast.
Some call my Sister; say, *Don Manuel*
Her Bridegroom waits.
*Man.* Tell her, In both the Houses
There now remains no Enemy but she.
*Rod.* In the mean time let's Dance; Madam, I hope
You'll grace me with your Hand------

*Enter* Leonora, *Woman to* Angellina; *takes the Two Men aside.*

*Leon.* O, Sir, my Lady *Angellina!*

*Rod.* Why comes she not?

*Leon.* Is fall'n extremely sick.

*Both.* How!

*Leon.* Nay, trouble not your selves too much:
These Fits are usual with her; and not dangerous.

*Rod.* O rarely counterfeited. [*Aside.*

*Man.* May I not see her?

*Leon.* She does by me deny her self that Honour.

[*As she speaks steals a Note into his hand.*

I shall return, I hope, with better News;
In the mean time, she prays, you'll not disturb
The Company. [*Exit* Leonora.

*Rod.* This troubles me exceedingly.

*Man.* A Note put privately into my hand
By *Angellina*'s Woman? She's my Creature:
There's something in it; I'll read it to my self.---- [*Aside.*

*Rod.* Brother, What Paper's that?

*Man.* Some begging Verses
Deliver'd me this Morning, on my Wedding.

*Rod.* Pray let me see 'em.

*Man.* I have many Copies,
Please you to entertain your self with these.

[*Gives him another Paper.*

Manuel *Reads.*

SIR,

MY *Lady feigns this Sickness to delude you:*
*Her Brother hates you still; and the Plot is,*
*That he shall marry first your Sister,*
*And then deny you his*------

*Yours,* Leonora.

Post-script.

*Since I writ this, I have so wrought upon her,*
*(Who of her self is timerous enough)*
*That she believes her Brother will betray her,*
*Or else be forc'd to give her up to you;*
*Therefore, unknown to him, she means to flye:*
*Come to the Garden Door at Seven this Evening,*
*And there you may surprize her; mean time I*
*Will keep her ignorant of all things, that her Fear*
*May still increase.*

*Re-Enter* Leonora.

*Rod.* How now? How does your Lady?

*Leon.* So ill, she cannot possibly wait on you.

*Man.* Kind Heav'n, give me her Sickness.

*Rod.*

*Rod.* Thoſe are Wiſhes:
What's to be done?
*Man.* We muſt defer our Marriages.
*Rod.* *Leonora*, now! [*Aside to her.*
*Leon.* My Lady, Sir, has abſolutely charged
Her Brothers ſhould go forward.
*Rod.* Abſolutely!
*Leon.* Expreſly, Sir, becauſe ſhe ſays there are
So many Honourable Perſons here,
Whom to defraud of their intended Mirth,
And of each others Company, were rude:
So hoping your Excuſe. [*Exit* Leonora.
*Rod.* That privilege of Pow'r which Brothers have
In *Spain*, I never us'd: therefore ſubmit
My Will to hers, but with much ſorrow, Sir;
My Happineſs ſhould go before, not wait
On yours: Lead on.
*Man.* Stay, Sir, though your fair Siſter, in reſpect
To this Aſſembly, ſeems to be content
Your Marriage ſhould proceed, we muſt not want
So much good Manners as to ſuffer it.
*Rod.* So much good Manners, Brother?
*Man.* ---------- I have ſaid it.
Should we, to ſhow our ſorrow for her Sickneſs,
Provoke our eaſie Souls to careleſs Mirth,
As if our drunken Revels were deſign'd
For Joy of what ſhe ſuffers?
*Rod.* 'Twill be over
In a few Days.
*Man.* Your ſtay will be the leſs.
*Rod.* All things are now in readineſs, and muſt not
Be put off for a peeviſh Humour thus.
*Man.* They muſt; or I ſhall think you mean not fairly.
*Rod.* Explain your ſelf.
*Man.* That you would marry firſt,
And afterwards refuſe me *Angellina*.
*Rod.*------ Think ſo.
*Man.* You are.
*Rod.* Speak ſoftly.
*Man.* A foul Villain.
*Rod.* Then------
*Man.* Speak ſoftly.
*Rod.* I'll find a time to tell you, you are one.
*Man.* 'Tis well.
Ladies, you wonder at our private Whiſpers, [*To the Company.*
But more will wonder when you know the Cauſe;
The beauteous *Angellina* is fall'n ill;

And since she cannot with her Presence grace
This Day's Solemnity, the Noble *Rodorick*
Thinks fit it be deferr'd, till she recover;
Then we both hope to have your Companies.
*Lad.* Wishing her Health, we take our leaves.

[*Exeunt Company.*

*Rod.* Your Sister yet will marry me.
*Man.* She will not: Come hither, *Julia*.
*Jul.* What strange, afflicting News is this you tell us?
*Man.* 'Twas all this false Man's Plot, That when he had
Possess'd you, he might cheat me of his Sister.
*Jul.* Is this true, *Rodorick?* Alas, his Silence
Does but too much confess it: How I blush
To own that Love I cannot yet take from thee!
Yet, for my Sake, be Friends.
*Man.* 'Tis now too late:
I am by Honour hinder'd.
*Rod.* I by Hate.
*Jul.* What shall I do?
*Man.* Leave him, and come away;
Thy Vertue bids thee.
*Jul.* But Love bids me stay.
*Man.* Her Love's so like my own, that I should blame
The Brother's Passion in the Sister's Flame.
*Rodorick*, we shall meet.—— He little thinks
I am as sure this Night of *Angellina*,
As he of *Julia*.

[*Aside.*

[*Exit* Manuel.

*Rod.* Madam, to what an Ecstasie of Joy
Your Goodness raises me! This was an Act
Of Kindness, which no Service e'er can pay.
*Jul.* Yes, *Rodorick*, 'tis in your Power to quit
The Debt you owe me.
*Rod.* Do but name the way.
*Jul.* Then briefly thus, 'tis to be just to me,
As I have been to you.
*Rod.* You cannot doubt it.
*Jul.* You know I have adventur'd for your Sake.
A Brother's Anger, and the World's Opinion:
I value neither; for a setled Vertue
Makes it self Judge, and satisfi'd within,
Smiles at that common Enemy, the World.
I am no more afraid of flying Censures,
Than Heav'n of being fir'd with mounting Sparkles.
*Rod.* But wherein must my Gratitude consist?
*Jul.* Answer your self, by thinking what is fit
For me to do.

*Rod.*

*Rod.* By Marriage to confirm
Our mutual Love.
*Jul.* Ingrateful *Rodorick!*
Canst thou name Marriage, while thou entertain'st
A Hatred so unjustly against my Brother?
*Rod.* But, unkind *Julia*, you know the Causes
Of Love and Hate are hid deep in our Stars,
And none but Heav'n can give account of both.
*Jul.* Too well I know it; for my Love to thee
Is born by Inclination, not by Judgment;
And makes my Vertue shrink within my Heart,
As loth to leave it; and as loth to mingle.
*Rod.* What would you have me do?
*Jul.* Since I must tell thee,
Lead me to some near Monastery;
(Till Heav'n find out some way to make us happy)
I shall be kept in Safety from my Brother.
*Rod.* But more from me; What Hopes can *Rodorick* have,
That she who leaves him freely, and unforc'd,
Should ever of her own accord return?
*Jul.* Thou hast too great Assurance of my Faith,
That, in despight of my own self, I love thee;
Be Friends with *Manuel*, I am thine, till when,
My Honours----------lead me.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*The Representation of a Street discover'd by Twilight.*

*Enter* Don Manuel *solus.*

*Man.* This is the Time and Place where I expect
My fugitive Mistress; if I meet with her,
I may forget the Wrongs her Brother did me:
If otherwise, his Blood shall expiate them.
I hope her Woman keeps her ignorant,
How all things pass'd according to her Promise.

*A Door opens---------- Enter* Angellina *in Boys Clothes,*
Leonora *behind at the Door.*

*Leon.* I had forgot to tell him of this Habit
She has put on; but sure he'll know her in it. [*Aside.*
*Man.* Who goes there?
*Ang.* 'Tis *Don Manuel*'s Voice; I must run back:
The Door shut on me? *Leonora*, where?
Does she not follow me?--------I am betray'd.

*Man.*

*Man.* What are you?
*Ang.* A poor Boy.
*Man.* Do you belong to *Rodorick?*
*Ang.* Yes, I do.
*Man.* Here's Money for you, tell me, where's his Sister.
*Ang.* Now I met her coming down the Stairs,
Which lead into the Garden.
*Man.* 'Tis well; leave me
In silence.
*Ang.* With all my Heart: was ever such a scape!
[*Exit Running.*

*Man.* She cannot now be long; sure by the Moon-shine
I shall discover her.

*Enter* Rodorick *and* Julia.

This must be she; I'll seize her.
*Jul.* Help me, *Rodorick.*
*Rod.* Unhand the Lady, Villain.
*Man. Rodorick!*
I'm glad we meet alone; now is the time
To end our Difference.
*Rod.* I cannot stay.
*Man.* You must.
*Rod.* I will not.
*Man.* 'Tis base to injure any Man; but yet
'Tis far more base, once done, not to defend it.
*Rod.* Is this an hour for valiant Men to fight?
They love the Sun should witness what they do;
Cowards have Courage when they see not Death:
And fearful Hares, that sculk in Forms all day,
Yet fight their feeble Quarrels by the Moon-light.
*Man.* No, Light and Darkness are but poor Distinctions
Of such, Whose Courage comes by Fits and Starts.
*Rod.* Thou urgest me above my Patience:
This minute of my Life was not my own,
But hers I Love beyond it.
[*They draw, and fight.*

*Jul.* Help, help; none hear me!
Heav'n, I think, is deaf too:
O *Rodorick!* O Brother! ---------

*Enter* Gonsalvo *and* Hippolito.

*Jul.* Who-e'er you are, if you have Honour, part 'em------
[Manuel *stumbles, and falls.*
*Gons.* Hold, Sir, you are too cruel; he that kills

At

At such Advantage, fears to fight again. [*Holds* Rodorick.

*Man.* Cavalier, I may live to thank you for this Favour. [*Rises.*

*Rod.* I will not quit you so.

*Man.* I'll breathe, and then-------

*Jul.* Is there no way to save their Lives?

*Hip.* Run out of sight,
If 'tis concerning you they quarrel.

[*Julia retires to a Corner.*

*Hip.* Help, help, as you are Cavaliers; the Lady
For whom you thus contend, is seiz'd by some
Night-robbing Villains.

*All.* Which way took they?

*Hip.* 'Twas so dark I could not see distinctly.

*Rod.* Let us divide; I this way. [*Exit.*

*Gonf.* Down yonder Street I'll take.

*Man.* And I down that. [*Exeunt severally.*

*Hip.* Now, Madam, may we not lay by our Fear?
They are all gone.

*Jul.* 'Tis true, but we are here,
Expos'd to Darkness without Guide or Aid,
But of our selves.

*Hip.* And of our selves afraid.

*Jul.* These Dangers while 'twas light I could despise.
Then I was bold; but watch'd by many Eyes:
Ah! cou'd not Heav'n for Lovers find a Way,
That prying People still might sleep by day.

*Enter* Angellina.

*Hip.* Methinks I'm certain I discover some.

*Jul.* This was your speaking of 'em made 'em come.

*Hip.* There is but one, perhaps he may go by.

*Ang.* Where had I Courage for this bold Disguise,
Which more my Nature than my Sex belies?
Alas! I am betray'd to Darkness here;
Darkness, which Virtue hates, and Maids most fear:
Silence and Solitude dwell every where:
Dogs cease to bark, the Waves more faintly roar,
And roul themselves asleep upon the Shore:
No Noise but what my Footsteps make, and they
Sound dreadfully, and louder than by day:
They double too, and every step I take
Sounds thick, methinks, and more than one could make.
Ha! Who are these?
I wish'd for Company, and now I fear.
Who are you, gentle People, that go there?

*Jul.* His Voice is soft, as is the upper Air,

Or

Or dying Lovers Words: O pity us!
*Ang.* O pity me! Take freely as your own
My Gold, my Jewels; ſpare my Life alone.
*Hip.* Alas, he fears as much as we.

*Enter* Amideo.

*Jul.* What ſay you?
Sir, will you join with us?
*Amid.* Yes, Madam, but
If you would take my Sword, you would uſe it better.
*Hip.* I, but you are a Man.
*Amid.* Why, ſo are you.
*Hip.* Truly my Fear had made me quite forget it.

*Enter* Gonſalvo.

*Gonſ. Hippolito!* how barbarous was I
To leave my Boy! *Hippolito!*
*Hip.* Here, here.
Now, Madam, fear not, you are ſafe.
*Jul.* What is become, Sir, of thoſe Gentlemen?
*Gonſ.* They all went ſeveral ways, not like
To meet.
*Jul.* What will become of me!
*Gonſ.* 'Tis late,
And I a Stranger in the Town: yet all
Your Dangers ſhall be mine.
*Jul.* You're Noble Sir.
*Gonſ.* I'll pawn the hopes of all my Love, to ſee
You ſafe.
*Jul.* Who-e'er your Miſtreſs be, ſhe has
My Curſes, if ſhe prove not kind.
*Ang.* And mine.
*Hip.* My Siſter will repent her, when ſhe knows
For whom ſhe makes that Wiſh; but I'll ſay nothing
Till Day diſcovers it: a Door opens, [*Aſide.*
I hope it is ſome Inn.

[*A Door opens, at which a Servant appears.*

*Ang.* Friend, can you lodge us here?
*Serv.* Yes, Friend, we can.
*Jul.* How ſhall we be diſpos'd?
*Serv.* As Nature would;
The Gentleman and you; I have a Rule,
That when a Man and Woman ask for Lodging,
They are ever Husband and Wife.
*Jul.* Rude and unmanner'd.
*Gonſ.* Sir, this Lady muſt be lodg'd apart.
*Serv.* Then the two Boys, that are good for nothing

But

But one another, they shall go together.
*Ang.* Lie with a Man? sweet Heav'n defend me!
*Hip.* Alas, Friend, I ever lie alone.
*Serv.* Then to save trouble, Sir, because 'tis late,
One of the Youths shall be dispos'd with you.
*Ang.* Who I! not for the World.
*Hip.* Neither of us; for though I would not lodge with you
My self, I never can indure he should.
*Ang.* Why then, to end the Difference, if you please,
I and that Lady will be Bed-fellows.
*Hip.* No, she and I will lodge together rather.
*Serv.* You are sweet Youths indeed; not for the World
You would not lodge with Men! none but the Lady
Would serve your turn.
*Ang.* Alas, I had forgot I am a Boy;
I am so lately one. [*Aside.*
*Serv.* Well, well; all shall be lodg'd apart.
*Gonf.* to *Hip.* I did not think you harbour'd wanton Thoughts:
So young, so bad!
*Hip.* I can make no Defence,
But must be sham'd by my own Innocence. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

---

# ACT II.

## SCENE I. *A Chamber.*

*Enter* Gonsalvo, Hippolito, Amideo, *at a distance.*

*Gonf.* HIppolito, What is this pretty Youth
That follows us?
*Hip.* I know not much of him:
Handsome, you see, and of a graceful Fashion;
Of Noble Blood, he says, and I believe him;
But in some Distress; he'll tell no more,
And I could cry for that which he has told,
So much I pity him.
*Gonf.* My pretty Youth;
Would I could do thee any Service.
*Ang.* Sir,
The greatest you can do me, is accepting mine.
*Hip.* How's this? Methinks already I begin
To hate this Boy, whom but even now I moan'd.
You serve my Master? Do you think I cannot
Perform all Duties of a Servant better,
And with more Care than you?

*Ang.* Better you may,
But never with more Care:
Heav'n, which is serv'd with Angels, yet admits
Poor Man to pay his Duty, and receives it.
*Hip.* Mark but, my Lord, how ill-behav'd a Youth,
How very ugly, what a Dwarf he is.
*Ang.* My Lord, I yet am young enough to grow,
And 'tis the Commendation of a Boy
That he is little. [*Cries.*
*Gonf.* Prithee do not cry;
*Hippolito*, 'twas but just now you prais'd him.
And are you chang'd so soon?
*Hip.* On better View.
*Gonf.* What is your Name, Sweet-heart?
*Hip.* Sweet-heart! since I
Have serv'd you, you never call'd me so.
*Ang.* O ever,
Ever call me by that kind Name; I'll own
No other, because I would still have that.
*Hip.* He told me, Sir, his Name was *Amideo*,
Pray call him by't.
*Gonf.* Come, I'll employ you both;
Reach me my Belt, and help to put it on.
*Amid.* I run, my Lord.
*Hip.* You run? It is my Office.
[*They both take it up, and strive for it*; Hippolito *gets it, and puts it on.*
*Amid.* Look you, my Lord, he puts it on so awkerdly; [*Crying.*
The Sword does not sit right.
*Hip.* Why, where's the Fault?
*Amid.* I know not that; but I'm sure 'tis wrong.
*Gonf.* The Fault is plain; 'tis put on the wrong Shoulder.
*Hip.* That cannot be, I look'd on *Amideo*'s,
And hung it on that Shoulder his is on.
*Amid.* Then I doubt mine is so.
*Gonf.* It is indeed:
You're both good Boys, and both will learn in time.
*Hippolito*, Go you and bring me word,
Whether that Lady, we brought in last Night,
Be willing to receive a Visit from me.
*Hip.* Now, *Amideo*, since you are so forward
To do all Service, you shall to the Lady.
*Amid.* No, I'll stay with my Master, he bid you.
*Hip.* It mads me to the Heart to leave him here:
But I will be reveng'd. [*Aside.*
My Lord, I beg
You would not trust this Boy with any thing.

Till

Till my Return; pray know him better first. [Ex. Hippolito.

*Gonf.* 'Twas my Unhappineſs to meet this Lady
Laſt night; becauſe it ruin'd my Deſign,
Of walking by the Houſe of *Rodorick*;
Who knows but through ſome Window I had ſpy'd
Fair *Julia*'s Shadow paſſing by the Glaſs;
Or if ſome other's, I would think it hers;
Or if not any, yet to ſee the Place
Where *Julia* lives: O Heav'n, how ſmall a Bleſſing
Will ſerve to make deſpairing Lovers happy!

*Amid.* Unhappy *Angellina*, thou art loſt!
Thy Lord loves *Julia*. [Aſide.

*Enter* Hippolito, *and* Julia.

*Jul*——————Where is thy Maſter?
I long to give him my Acknowledgments
For my own Safety, and my Brother's both.
Ha! Is it he? [Looks.

*Gonf.* Can it be *Julia*?
Could Night ſo far diſguiſe her from my Knowledge?

*Jul.* I would not think thee him I ſee thou art:
Prithee diſown thy ſelf in pity to me:
Why ſhou'd I be oblig'd by one I hate?

*Gonf.* I could ſay ſomething in my own Defence;
But it were half a Crime to plead my Cauſe,
When you would have me guilty.

*Amid.* How I fear
The Sweetneſs of thoſe Words will move her Pity:
I'm ſure they would do mine.

*Gonf.* You took me for a Robber, but ſo far
I am from that——————

*Jul.* O prithee be one ſtill,
That I may know ſome Cauſe for my Averſion.

*Gonf.* I freed you from them, and more gladly did it;——

*Jul.* Be what thou wilt, 'tis now too late to tell me:
The blackneſs of that Image I firſt fanſied,
Has ſo infected me, I ſtill muſt hate thee.

*Hip.* Though (if ſhe loves him) all my Hopes are ruin'd,
It makes me mad to ſee her thus unkind. [Aſide.
Madam, what ſee you in this Gentleman,
Deſerves your Scorn, or Hatred? Love him, or
Expect juſt Heav'n ſhould ſtrangely puniſh you.

*Gonf.* No more: what-e'er ſhe does, is beſt; and if
You would be mine, you muſt, like me, ſubmit,
Without Diſpute.

*Hip.* How can I love you, Sir, and ſuffer this?
She has forgot that which laſt Night you did

In her Defence.

*Jul.* O call that Night again;
Pitch her with all her Darkneſs round; then ſet me
In ſome far Deſart, hemm'd with Mountain-Wolves
To howl about me: This I would endure,
And more, to cancel my Obligements to him.

*Gonſ.* You owe me nothing, Madam; if you do,
I make it void; and only ask your leave
To love you ſtill; for to be lov'd again
I never hope.

*Jul.* If that will clear my Debt, enjoy thy Wiſh;
Love me, and long, and deſperately love me.
I hope thou wilt, That I may plague thee more:
Mean time, take from me that deteſted Object;
Conveigh thy much-loath'd Perſon from my ſight.

*Gonſ.* Madam, you are obey'd.
*Hippolito*, and *Amideo*, wait
Upon fair *Julia*; look upon her for me
With dying Eyes, but do not ſpeak one word
In my behalf; for to diſquiet her,
Ev'n Happineſs it ſelf were bought too dear.

[*Goes farther off to the End of the Stage.*

My Paſſion ſwells too high:
And, like a Veſſel ſtruggling in a Storm,
Requires more hands than one, to ſteer her upright;
I'll find her Brother out. [*Exit Gonſalvo.*

*Jul.* That Boy, I ſee, he truſts above the other:
He has a ſtrange Reſemblance with a Face
That I have ſeen, but when, or where, I know not.
I'll watch till they are parted; then perhaps
I may corrupt that little One to free me. [*Aſide.*

[*Exit Julia.*

*Amid.* Sweet *Hippolito*, let me ſpeak with you.

*Hip.* What would you with me?

*Amid.* Nay, you are ſo fierce;
By all that's good, I love and honour you.
And would you do but one poor thing I'll ask you;
In all things elſe you ever ſhall command me.
Look you, *Hippolito*, here's Gold and Jewels,
Theſe may be yours.

*Hip.* To what end doſt thou ſhow
Theſe Trifles to me? Or how cam'ſt thou by them?
Not honeſtly, I fear.

*Amid.* I ſwear I did:
And you ſhall have 'em; but you always preſs
Before me in my Maſter's Service ſo.

*Hip.* And always will.

[*Amid.*

*Amid.* But, dear *Hippolito*,
Why will you not give way, that I may be
First in his Favour, and be ſtill employ'd?
Why do you frown? 'tis not for gain I ask it;
What-ever he ſhall give me ſhall be yours,
Except it be ſome Toy you would not care for,
Which I ſhould keep for his dear ſake that gave it.
*Hip.* If thou would'ſt offer both the *Indies* to me,
The *Eaſtern* Quarries, and the *Weſtern* Mines,
They ſhould not buy one Look, one gentle Smile
Of his from me: aſſure thy Soul they ſhould not,
I hate thee ſo.
*Amid.* Henceforth I'll hate you worſe.
But yet there is a Woman, whom he loves,
A certain *Julia*, who will ſteal his Heart
From both of us; we'll join at leaſt againſt
The common Enemy.
*Hip.* Why does he fear my Lord ſhould love a Woman?
The Paſſion of this Boy is ſo like mine,
That it amazes me.

*Enter a* Servant.

*Piet.* Young Gentleman,
Your Maſter calls for you.
*Hip.* I'll think upon't.

[*Exit* Hippolito *cum* Pietro.

*Enter* Julia *to* Amideo.

*Jul.* Now is the time, he is alone.
*Amid.* Here comes
The Saint my Lord adores; Love, pardon me
The Fault I muſt commit.
*Jul.* Fair Youth, I am
A Suitor to you.
*Amid.* So am I to you.
*Jul.* You ſee me here a Priſ'ner.
*Amid.* My Requeſt
Is, I may ſet you free; make haſte, ſweet Madam:
Which way would you go?
*Jul.* To the next
Religious Houſe.
*Amid.* Here, through the Garden, Madam;
How I commend your holy Reſolution!

[*Exeunt ambo.*

*Enter*

*Enter* Don Manuel *in the Streets, and a Servant with him.*

*Man.* *Angellina* fled to a Monastery, say you?
*Serv.* So 'tis given out: I could not see her Woman:
But for your Sister, what you heard is true:
I saw her at the Inn:
They told me, she was brought in last Night
By a young Cavalier they show'd me there.
*Man.* This must be he that rescu'd me;
What would I give to see him?
*Serv.* Fortune is
Obedient to your Wishes; He was coming
To find out you; I waited on him to
The turning of the Street; and stept before
To tell you of it.
*Man.* You o'er-joy me.
*Serv.* This, Sir, is he.

*Enter* Gonsalvo.

[*Don Manuel is running to embrace him, and stops.*

*Man.* ——The Captain of the Robbers!
*Gons.* As such indeed, you promis'd me your Sister.
*Man.* I promis'd all the Int'rest I should have,
Because I thought before you came to claim it,
A Husband's Right would take my Title from me.
*Gons.* I come to see, if any Manly Virtue
Can dwell with Falshood; Draw, thou'st injur'd me.
*Man.* You say already I have done you wrong,
And yet would have me right you by a greater.
*Gons.* Poor, abject thing!
*Man.* Who doubts another's Courage,
Wants it himself; but I, who know my own,
Will not receive a Law from you to fight,
Or to forbear: for then I grant your Courage
To master mine, when I am forc'd to do
What of my self I would not.
*Gons.* Your Reason?
*Man.* You sav'd my Life.
*Gons.* I'll quit that Debt to be
In a Capacity of forcing you
To keep your Promise with me; for I come
To learn, your Sister is not yet dispos'd.
*Man.* I've lost all Privilege to defend my Life;
And if you take it now, 'tis no new Conquest;
Like Fish, first taken in a River, then

Bestow'd

Bestow'd in Ponds to catch a second time.

*Gonf.* Mark but how partially you plead your Cause,
Pretending Breach of Honour if you fight;
Yet think it none to violate your Word.

*Man.* I cannot give my Sister to a Robber.

*Gonf.* You shall not; I am none, but born of Blood
As Noble as your self; my Fortune's equal,
At least, with yours; my Reputation, yet
I think, unstain'd.

*Man.* I wish, Sir, it may prove so;
I never had so strong an Inclination
To believe any Man as you: ------ but yet ------

*Gonf.* All things shall be so clear, there shall be left
No room for any Scruple: I was born
In *Sevil*, of the best House in that City;
My Name *Gonsalvo de Peralta:* being
A younger Brother, 'twas my Uncle's Care
To take me with him in a Voyage to ------
The *Indies*, where since dying, he has left me
A Fortune not contemptible; returning
From thence, all my Wealth in the Plate-Fleet,
A furious Storm almost within the Port
Of *Sevil*, took us, scatter'd all the Navy:
My Ship, by the unruly Tempest, born
Quite through the *Streights*, as far as *Barcellona*;
There first cast Anchor; there I stept ashore:
Three Days I staid, in which small time I made
A little Love, which vanish'd as it came.

*Man.* But were you not engag'd to her you courted?

*Gonf.* Upon my Honour, no; What might have been
I cannot tell: but ere I could repair
My beaten Ship, or take fresh Water in,
One Night, when there, by chance I lay aboard,
A Wind tore up my Anchor from the bottom,
And with that Violence it brought me thither;
Has thrown me in this Port: ------

*Man.* But yet our Meeting in the Wood was strange.

*Gonf.* For that I'll satisfie you as we walk.

*Enter* Hippolito.

*Hip.* O Sir, how glad am I to find you ------ *Whisper.*

*Man.* That Boy I have seen somewhere, or one like him,
But where I cannot call to mind. ------

*Hip.* I found it out, and got before 'em ------
And here they are ------

*Enter*

*Enter Amideo and Julia.*

*Man.* My Sister! as I could have wish'd it.
*Amid.* O! we are caught!
*Jul.* I did expect as much:
Fortune has not forgot that I am *Julia*.
*Man.* Sister, I'm glad you're happily return'd;
'Twas kindly done of you thus to prevent
The Trouble of my search.
*Jul.* I would not have you
Mistake my Love to *Rodorick* so much,
To think I meant to fall into your hands.
My purpose is for the next Nunnery;
There I'll pray for you: so farewell.
*Man.* Stay, *Julia*, you must go with me.
*Jul.* Lead, lead;
You think I am your Pris'ner now.——
*Gonf.* If you will needs to a Religious House,
Leave that fair Face behind; a worse will serve,
To spoil with Watching, and with Fasting there.
*Man.* Prithee no more of this; the only way
To make her happy, is to force it on her.
*Julia*, prepare your self straight to be married.
*Jul.* To whom?
*Man.* You see your Bridegroom: and you know
My Father's Will, who with his dying Breath,
Commanded you should pay as strict Obedience
To me, as formerly to him: if not,
Your Dowry is at my Dispose.
*Jul.* O would
The loss of that Dispence with Duty in me,
How gladly would I suffer it! and yet
If I durst question it, methinks 'tis hard!
What Right have Parents over Children, more
Than Birds have of their Young? yet they impose
No rich-plum'd Mistress on their Feather'd Sons;
But leave their Love, more open yet and free
Than all the Fields of Air, their spacious Birth-Right.
[*Gonsalvo seems to beg* Manuel *not to be harsh.*
*Man.* Nay, good *Gonsalvo*, trouble not your self,
There is no other way; when 'tis once done,
She'll thank me for't.
*Jul.* I ne'er expected other usage from you;
A kind Brother you have been to me,
And to my Sister: you have sent, they say,
To *Barcellona*, that my Aunt should force her

To

To marry the old *Don* you brought her.
*Hip.* Who could! that once had ſeen *Gonſalvo*'s Face?
Alas, ſhe little thinks I am ſo near! —— [*Aſide.*
*Man.* Mind not what ſhe ſays——
A Word with you—— [*To* Gonſalvo.
*Amid.* *Don Manuel* eyes me ſtrangely: the beſt is,
He never ſaw me yet but at a diſtance:
My Brother's Jealouſie (who ne'er intended
I ſhould be his) reſtrain'd our near Converſe. [*Aſide.*
*Jul.* My pretty Youth, I am enforc'd to truſt thee [*To* Amid.
With my moſt near Concerns; Friend I have none,
If thou deny'ſt to help me.
*Amid.* Any thing
To break your Marriage with my Maſter.
*Jul.* Go to *Rodorick*, and tell him my Condition:
But tell it as from thy ſelf, not me.
*Amid.* That you are forc'd to Marry.
*Jul.* But do not ask him
To ſuccour me; if of himſelf he will not:
I ſcorn a Love that muſt be taught its Duty.
*Man.* What Youth is that? I mean, the little one?
*Gonſ.* I took him up laſt Night.
*Man.* A ſweet-fac'd Boy,
I like him ſtrangely: would you part with him?
*Amid.* Alas, Sir, I am good for no body
But for my Maſter.
*Hip.* Sir, I'll do your Errand,
Another time, for letting *Julia* go. [*To* Amideo.
*Man.* Come, Sir.
*Gonſ.* I beg your Pardon for a moment,
I'll but diſpatch ſome buſineſs in my Ship,
And wait you preſently.
*Man.* We'll go before.
I'll make ſure *Rodorick* ſhall never have her;
And 'tis at leaſt ſome Pleaſure to deſtroy
His Happineſs, who ruin'd firſt my Joy.
[*Exeunt all but* Gonſalvo, *who, before he goes, whiſpers* Hippolito.
*Gonſ.* Againſt her Will fair *Julia* to poſſeſs,
Is not t'enjoy, but raviſh Happineſs:
Yet Women pardon Force, becauſe they find
The Violence of Love is ſtill moſt kind:
Juſt like the Plots of well-built Comedies,
Which then pleaſe moſt when moſt they do ſurpriſe.
But yet Conſtraint Love's nobleſt End deſtroys,
Whoſe higheſt Joy is in another's Joys:
Where Paſſion rules, how weak does Reaſon prove?
I yield my Cauſe, but cannot yield my Love. [*Exit.*

# ACT III.

## SCENE I. *A great Room in* Don Manuel's *House.*

Hippolito *solus.*

*Hip.* MY Master bid me speak for him to *Julia*;
Hard Fate, That I am made a Confident
Against my self;---------
Yet though unwillingly I took the Office,
I would perform it well: but how can I
Prove lucky to his Love, who to my own
Am so unfortunate! He trusts his Passion
Like him, that ventures all his Stock at once
On an unlucky Hand.

*Enter* Amideo.

*Amid.* Where is the Lady *Julia?*
*Hip.* What new Treason
Against my Master's Love have you contriv'd
With her?
*Amid.* I shall not render you account.

*Enter* Julia.

*Jul.* I sent for him; yet if he comes there's danger;
Yet if he do not, I for ever lose him.
What can I wish? And yet I wish him here!
Only take the Care of me from me.
Weary with sitting out a losing Hand,
'Twill be some Ease to see another play it.
Yesterday I refus'd to marry him,
To day run into his Arms unask'd;
Like a mild Prince incroach'd upon by Rebels,
Love yielded much, till Honour ask'd for all. [*Sees* Hippolito.
How now, where's *Rodorick?* [*Sees* Amideo]---------I mean *Gonsalvo.*
*Hip.* You would do well to meet him-------
*Amid.* Meet him! You shall not do't: I'll throw my self,
Like a young fawning Spaniel, in your way
So often, you shall never move a step
But you shall tread on me.
*Jul.* You need not beg me:
I would as soon meet a Siren, as see him.

Hip.

Hip. *His Sweetneſs for thoſe Frowns no Subject finds:*
*Seas are the Field of Combat for the Winds:*
*But when they ſweep along ſome flowry Coaſt,*
*Their Wings move mildly, and their Rage is loſt.*
Jul. *'Tis that which makes me more unfortunate:*
*Becauſe his Sweetneſs muſt upbraid my Hate.*
*The Wounds of Fortune touch me not ſo near;*
*I can my Fate, but not his Virtue, bear.*
*For my Diſdain with my Eſteem is vaii'd;*
*He moſt is hated when he moſt is prais'd:*
*Such an Eſteem as like a Storm appears,*
*Which riſes but to Shipwrack what it bears.*
Hip. *Infection dwells upon my Kindneſs ſure,*
*Since it deſtroys even thoſe whom it would cure.*

[*Cries, and Exit* Hippolito.

*Amid.* Still weep, *Hippolito*; to me thy Tears
Are ſovereign, as thoſe Drops the Balm-tree ſweats.——
——But, Madam, are you ſure you ſhould not love him?
I ſtill fear ——
*Jul.* Thy Fear will never let thee be a Man.
*Amid.* Indeed, I think, it wo'n't.
*Jul.* We are now
Alone; What News from *Rodorick*?
*Amid.* Madam, he begs you not to fear; he has
A Way, which, when you think all deſperate,
Will ſet you free.
*Jul.* If not, I will not live
A Moment after it.
*Amid.* Why! there's ſome Comfort.
*Jul.* I ſtrongly wiſh, for what I firmly hope;
Like the Day-dreams of Melancholy Men,
I think, and think on things impoſſible,
Yet love to wander in that Golden Maze.

*Enter* Don Manuel, Hippolito, *and Company.*

*Amid.* Madam, your Brother's here.
*Man.* Where is the Bridegroom?
*Hip.* Not yet return'd, Sir, from the Ship.
*Man.* Siſter, all this good Company is met
To give you Joy.
*Jul.* While I am compaſs'd round
With Mirth, my Soul lies hid in Shades of Grief,
Whence, like the Bird of Night, with half-ſhut Eyes,
She peeps, and ſickens at the ſight of day. [*Aſide.*

*Enter* Servant.

*Serv.* Sir, ſome Gentlemen and Ladies are without,
Who, to do Honour to this Wedding, come
To preſent a Maſque.

*Man.* 'Tis well; deſire 'em
They would leave out the Words, and fall to Dancing;
The Poetry of the Foot takes moſt of late.

*Serv.* The Poet, Sir, will take that very ill;
He's at the Door, with th' Argument o' th' Maſque
In Verſe.

*Man.* Which of the Wits is it that made it?

*Serv.* None of the Wits, Sir; 'tis one of the Poets.

*Man.* What Subject has he choſe?

*Serv.* The Rape of *Proſerpine.*

*Enter* Gonſalvo.

*Man.* Welcome, welcome, you have been long expected.

*Gonſ.* I ſtaid to ſee the unlading of ſome Rarities,
Which are within: ——
Madam, your Pardon, That I was ſo long abſent.

*Jul.* You need not ask it for your Abſence, Sir.

*Gonſ.* Still cruel, *Julia*——

*Jul.* The Danger's here, and *Rodorick* not here.
I am not griev'd to die; but I am griev'd
To think him falſe. [*Aſide.*

*Man.* Bid 'em begin.

*The Muſick plays.*

A *Cupid* deſcends in ſwift Motion, and ſpeaks theſe VERSES.

Cup. *Thy Conqueſts*, Proſerpine, *have ſtretch'd too far*,
*Amidſt Heav'ns Peace thy Beauty makes a War*:
*For when, laſt Night, I to* Jove's *Pallace went*,
*(The brighteſt part of all the Firmament)*
*Inſtead of all thoſe Gods, whoſe thick reſort*
*Fill'd up the Preſence of the Thund'rer's Court*;
*There* Jove *and* Juno *all forſaken ſate*,
*Penſive like Kings, in their declining State*:
*Yet (wanting Pow'r) they would preſerve the Show*,
*By hearing Pray'rs from ſome few Men below*:
*Mortals to* Jove *may their Devotions pay*;
*The Gods themſelves to* Proſerpine *do pray*.
*To* Sicily *the Rival Pow'rs reſort*;
*'Tis Heaven where-ever* Ceres *keeps her Court*.

Phœbus

Phœbus *and* Mercury *are both at ſtrife,*
*The Courtlieſt of our Gods, who want a Wife:*
*But* Venus, *what-e'er Kindneſs ſhe pretends,*
*Yet ( like all Females, envious of their Friends )*
*Has, by my Aid, contriv'd a black Deſign,*
*The God of Hell ſhould raviſh* Proſerpine:
*Beauties, beware;* Venus *will never bear*
*Another* Venus *ſhining in her Sphere.*

After *Cupid*'s Speech, *Venus* and *Ceres* deſcend in the ſlow Machines; *Ceres* drawn by Dragons, *Venus* by Swans.

After them, *Phœbus* and *Mercury* deſcend in ſwift Motion. Then *Cupid* turns to *Julia*, and ſpeaks;

Cup. *The Rival-Deities are come to wooe*
*A* Proſerpine, *who muſt be found below:*
*Would you ( fair Nymph ) become, this happy Hour,*
*In Name a Goddeſs, as you are in Pow'r;*
*Then to this Change the King of Shades will owe*
*A fairer* Proſerpine *than Heav'n can ſhow.*

Julia, *firſt whiſper'd by* Amideo, *goes into the Dance, perform'd by* Cupid, Phœbus, Mercury, Ceres, Venus, Julia.

Towards the End of the Dance, *Rodorick*, in the Habit of *Pluto*, riſes, from below, in a black Chariot all flaming, and drawn by black Horſes; he raviſhes *Julia*, who perſonated *Proſerpine*, and as he is carrying her away, his Vizard falls off. *Hippolito* firſt diſcovers him.

*Hip.* A Rape, a Rape; 'tis *Rodorick*, 'tis *Rodorick.*
*Rod.* Then I muſt have Recourſe to this: -------- [*Draws.*
*Jul.* Oh Heavens!

[Don Manuel *and* Gonſalvo *draw, and a Servant; the two that Acted* Phœbus *and* Mercury *return to aſſiſt* Rodorick, *and are beat back by* Manuel *and a Servant, while* Gonſalvo *attacks* Rodorick.

*Gonſ.* Unlooſe thy hold, foul Villain.
*Rod.* No, I'll graſp her
Ev'n after Death.
*Jul.* Spare him, or I'll die with him.
*Gonſ.* Muſt Raviſhers and Villains live, while I
In vain implore her Mercy? ------ [*Thruſts at him, and hurts* Julia *in the Arm.*
*Jul.* Oh, I am murther'd!
*Gonſ.* Wretched that I am!

What

What have I done? To what ſtrange Puniſhment
Will you condemn this guilty Hand? and yet
My Eyes were guilty firſt: for they could look
On nothing elſe but you; and my unlucky Hand
Too cloſely follow'd them!-------

*Re-Enter* Manuel.

*Man.* The Pow'rs above are juſt, that thou ſtill liv'ſt
For me to kill.

*Rod.* You'll find no eaſie task on't
Alone; come both together, I defie you:
Curſe on this Diſguiſe, that has betray'd me
Thus cheaply to my Death-------

*Man.* Under a Devil's Shape thou could'ſt not be
Diſguis'd.-------

*Jul.* Then muſt he die?
Yet I'll not bid my *Rodorick* farewel;
For they take leave who mean to be long abſent.

*Gon.* Hold, Sir; I have had Blood enough already,
And muſt not murder *Julia* again
In him ſhe loves: Live, Sir, and thank this Lady.

*Rod.* Take my Life, and ſpare my Thanks.

*Man.* Though you
Forgive him, let me take my juſt Revenge.

*Gonſ.* Leave that diſtinction to our dull Diviñes;
That ill I ſuffer to be done, I do.

*Hip.* My Heart bleeds tears for him, to ſee his Virtue
O'ercome ſo fatally, againſt ſuch Odds
Of Fortune and of Love!----------

*Man.* Permit his Death, and *Julia* will be yours.

*Jul.* Permit it not, and *Julia* will thank you.

*Gonſ.* Who-e'er could think, that one kind word from *Julia*,
Should be preferr'd to *Julia* her ſelf!
Could any Man think it a greater Good,
To ſave a Rival, than poſſeſs a Miſtreſs:
Yet this I do; theſe are thy Riddles, Love.
What Fortune gives me, I my ſelf deſtroy;
And feed my Virtue, but to ſtarve my Joy.
Honour ſits on me like ſome heavy Armour,
And with its ſtiff defence incumbers me:
And yet, when I would put it off, it ſticks,
Like *Hercules* his Shirt; heats me at once,
And poiſons me!-------

*Man.* I find my ſelf grow calm by thy Example;
My panting Heart heaves leſs and leſs; each Pulſe
And all the boiling Spirits ſcatter from it.
Since thou deſir'ſt he ſhould not die, he ſhall not die,

Till

Till I, on Nobler terms, can take his Life.
*Rod.* The next turn may be yours; remember, *Julia*,
I ow'd this Danger to your Wilfulneſs;
Once you might eaſily have been mine, and would not.
[*Exit* Rodorick.
*Man.* Lead out my Siſter, Friend, her Hurt's ſo ſmall,
'Twill ſcarce diſturb the Ceremony:
Ladies, once more your Pardons. [*Leads out the Company*, Exeunt.
[*Manent* Julia, Gonſalvo, Amideo: Gonſalvo *offers his Hand*, Julia *pulls back hers.*
*Jul.* This Hand would riſe in Bliſters ſhould'ſt thou touch it:
My *Rodorick*'s diſpleas'd with me, and thou,
Unlucky Man, the Cauſe; dare not ſo much
As once to follow me. ——— [*Exit* Julia.
*Gonſ.* Not follow her! alas, ſhe need not bid me!
O, how could I preſume to take that Hand,
To which mine prov'd ſo fatal!
Nay, if I might, ſhould I not fear to touch it?
A Murd'rer's Touch would make it bleed afreſh.
*Amid.* I think, Sir, I could kill her for your ſake.
*Gonſ.* Repent that Word, or I ſhall hate thee ſtrangely:
Harſh Words from her, like Blows from angry Kings,
Though they are meant Affronts, are conſtrued Favours.
*Hip.* Her Inclinations and Averſions
Are both alike unjuſt; and both, I hope,
Too violent to laſt: chear up your ſelf;
For if I live (I hope I ſhall not long) [*Aſide.*
She ſhall be yours.
*Amid.* 'Twere much more Noble in him,
To make a Conqueſt of himſelf, than her.
She ne'er can merit him; and hadſt not thou
A mean low Soul, thou would'ſt not name her to him.
*Hip.* Poor Child, who would'ſt be wiſe above thy Years,
Why doſt thou talk like a Philoſopher,
Of conquering Love, who are not yet grown up
To try the Force of any Manly Paſſion?
The Sweetneſs of thy Mother's Milk is yet
Within thy Veins, not ſowr'd and turn'd by Love.
*Gonſ.* Thou haſt not Field enough in thy young Breaſt,
To entertain ſuch Storms to ſtruggle in.
*Amid.* Young as I am, I know the Power of Love;
Its leſs Diſquiets, and its greater Cares,
And all that's in it, but the Happineſs.
Truſt a Boy's word, Sir, if you pleaſe, and take
My Innocence for Wiſdom; Leave this Lady;
Ceaſe to perſwade your ſelf you are in Love,
And you will ſoon be freed: not that I wiſh,

A thing

A thing so Noble as your Passion, lost
To all the Sex; bestow it on some other;
You'll find many as fair, though none so cruel.
Would I could be a Lady for your sake.
*Hip.* If I could be a Woman with a Wish,
You should not be without a Rival long.
*Amid.* A Cedar of your Stature would not cause
Much Jealousie.
*Hip.* More than a Shrub of yours.
*Gonf.* How eagerly these Boys fall out for nothing!
Tell me, *Hippolito*, wert thou a Woman,
Who wou'd'st thou be?
*Hip.* I would be *Julia*, Sir,
Because you love her.
*Amid.* I would not be she,
Because she loves not you.
*Hip.* True, *Amideo:*
And therefore I would wish my self a Lady,
Who, I am sure, does infinitely love him.
*Amid.* I hope that Lady has a Name.——
*Hip.* She has;
And she is call'd *Honoria*, Sister to
This *Julia*, and bred up at *Barcellona*.
Who loves him with a Flame, so Pure and so Noble,
That, did she know his Love to *Julia*,
She would beg *Julia* to make him happy.
*Gonf.* This startles me!
*Amid.* Oh Sir, believe him not;
They love not truly, who, on any terms,
Can part with what they love.
*Gonf.* I saw a Lady
At *Barcellona*, of what Name I know not,
Who, next to *Julia*, was the fairest Creature
My Eyes did e'er behold: but how cam'st thou
To know her?
*Hip.* Sir, some other time I'll tell you.
*Amid.* It could not be *Honoria* whom you saw,
For, Sir, she has a Face so very ugly,
That, if she were a Saint for Holiness,
Yet, no Man would seek Vertue there.
*Hip.* This is the lying'st Boy, Sir, I am sure
He never saw *Honoria*; for her Face,
'Tis not so bad to fright any Man;
None of the Wits have Libell'd it.
*Amid.* *Don Rodorick*'s Sister, *Angellina*, does
So far exceed her in the Ornaments
Of Wit and Beauty, though not hid from Sight,

That,

That, like the Sun, (ev'n when Eclips'd) she casts
A Yellowness upon all other Faces.
*Hip.* I'll not say much of her; but only this,
*Don Manuel* saw not with my Eyes, if e'er
He lov'd that *Flanders* Shape, that Lump of Earth
And Flegm together.
*Amid.* You have often seen her,
It seems, by your Description of her Person:
But I'll maintain, on any *Spanish* Ground,
What-e'er she be, yet she is far more worthy
To have my Lord her Servant, than *Honoria.*
*Hip.* And I'll maintain *Honoria*'s right against her,
In any part of all the World.
*Gonf.* You go
Too far, to quarrel on so slight a Ground.
*Hip.* O pardon me, my Lord, it is not slight:
I must confess, I am so much concern'd,
I shall not bear it long.
*Amid.* Nor I, assure you.
*Gonf.* I will believe what both of you have said,
That *Honoria* and *Angellina*
Both equally are fair.
*Amid.* Why did you name
*Honoria* first?
*Gonf.* And, since you take their parts so eagerly,
Henceforth I'll call you by those Ladies Names:
You, my *Hippolito*, shall be *Honoria*;
And you, my *Amideo*, *Angellina.*
*Amid.* Then all my Services, I wish, may make
You kind to *Angellina* for my sake.
*Hip.* Put all my Merits on *Honoria*'s Score.
And think no Maid could ever Love you more. [*Exeunt.*

---

# ACT IV.

## SCENE I.

Manuel *solus.*

*Man.* THUS I provide for others Happiness,
And lose my own: 'Tis true, I cannot blame
Thy Hatred, *Angellina*, but thy Silence.
Thy Brother's Hatred made thine just; but yet
'Twas cruel in thee not to tell me so.
Conquest is Noble when an Heart stands out;

But mine which yielded, how could'ſt thou betray?
*That Heart, by which thou could'ſt not be depriv'd,*
*By any Force of Pow'r beſide thine own;*
*Like Empires to that fatal Heighth arriv'd,*
*They muſt be ruin'd by themſelves alone.*
*My guarded Freedom cannot be a Prize*
*To any ſcornful Face a ſecond time.*
*For thy Idea like a Ghoſt would riſe,*
*And fright my Thoughts from ſuch another Crime.*

*Enter a* Servant *with a Letter.*

*Man.* From whom?
2 *Serv.* Sir, the Contents will ſoon reſolve you.

[Manuel *reads.*

*Man.* Tell *Rodorick* he has prevented me,
In my Deſign of ſending to him firſt.
I'll meet him ſingle at the Time and Place;
But for my Friend, tell him, he muſt excuſe me:
I'll hazard no Man in my Quarrel, but
My ſelf alone: ------- Who's within there?

[*Exit* Meſſ.

*Enter a* Servant.

Go, call my Siſter and *Gonſalvo* hither.

[*Exit* Servant.

'Twas puſh'd ſo far, that, like two Armies, we
Were drawn ſo cloſely up, we could not part
Without Engagement: —— But they muſt not know it.

*Enter* Julia, Gonſalvo, Amideo.

I have ſome Buſineſs calls me hence, and know not
When I ſhall return: But 'ere I go,
That Pow'r I have by my dead Father's Will,
Over my Siſter, I bequeath to you:

[*To* Gonſalvo.

She and her Fortune too be firmly yours;
And this, when I revoke, let Cowardiſe
Blaſt all my Youth, and Treaſon taint my Age.
*Gonſ.* Sir.----------
*Man.* Nay, good, no Thanks; I cannot ſtay------

[*Exit* Manuel.

*Gonſ.* There's ſomething more than ordinary in this:
Go, *Amideo*, quickly follow him,
And bring me word, which way he takes.
*Amid.* I go, Sir.

[*Exit* Amideo.

[Julia *kneels.*

Gonſ. Madam, *When you implore the Pow'rs Divine,*
*You have no Pray'rs in which I will not join,*

*Though*

*Though made against my self.* [Kneels with her.

Jul. ——— *In vain I sue,*
*Unless my Vows may be convey'd by you.*

Gonſ. *Convey'd by me! — My ill Succeſs in Love,*
*Shews me too ſure I have few Friends above.*
*How can you fear your juſt Deſires to want?*
*When the Gods pray, they both requeſt and grant.*

Juſ. *Heav'n has reſign'd my Fortune to your hand,*
*If you, like Heav'n, th'afflicted underſtand.*

Gonſ. *The Language of th'afflicted is not new;*
*Too well I learn'd it when I firſt ſaw you.*

Jul. *In ſpight of me, you now command my Fate;*
*And yet the Vanquiſh'd ſeeks the Victour's Hate:*
*Ev'n in this low Submiſſion, I declare,*
*That, had I Pow'r, I would renew the War.*
*I'm forc'd to ſtoop, and 'twere too great a Blow*
*To bend my Pride, and to deny me too.*

Gonſ. *You have my Heart; diſpoſe it to your Will;*
*If not, you know the way to uſe it ill.*

Jul. *Cruel to me, though kind to your Deſert,*
*My Brother gives my Perſon, not my Heart:*
*And I have left no other Means to ſue,*
*But to you only to be freed from you.*

Gonſ. *From ſuch a Suit how can you hope Succeſs,*
*Which giv'n, deſtroys the Giver's Happineſs?*

Jul. *You think it equal you ſhould not reſign*
*That Pow'r you have; yet will not leave me mine:*
*Yet on my Will I have the Pow'r alone,*
*And ſince you cannot move it, move your own.*
*Your Worth and Virtue my Eſteem may win,*
*But Womens Paſſions from themſelves begin;*
*Merit may be, but Force ſtill is in vain.*

Gonſ. *I would but love you, not your Love conſtrain;*
*And though your Brother left me to command,*
*He plac'd his Thunder in a gentle Hand.*

Jul. *Your Favour from Conſtraint has ſet me free,*
*But that ſecures not my Felicity:*
*Slaves, who before did cruel Maſters ſerve,*
*May flye to Deſarts, and in Freedom ſtarve.*
*The Nobleſt Part of Liberty they loſe,*
*Who can but ſhun, and want the Pow'r to chuſe.*

Gonſ. *O whither will your Fatal Reaſon move!*
*You court my Kindneſs to deſtroy my Love.*

Jul. *You have the Pow'r to make my Happineſs,*
*By giving that which you can ne'er poſſeſs.*

Gonſ. *Give you to* Rodorick? *there wanted yet*
*That Curſe, to make my Miſeries compleat.*

Jul. *Departing Misers bear a Nobler Mind;*
*They, when they can enjoy no more, are kind:*
*You, when your Love is dying in Despair,*
*Yet want the Charity to make an Heir.*

Gonf. *Though Hope be dying, yet it is not dead;*
*And dying People with small Food are fed.*

Jul. *The greatest Kindness dying Friends can have,*
*Is, to dispatch them, when we cannot save.*

Gonf. *Those dying People, could they speak at all;*
*That Pity of their Friends would Murder call.*
*For Men with Horrour Dissolution meet;*
*The Minutes ev'n of painful Life are sweet.*

Jul. *But I'm by pow'rful Inclination led;*
*And Streams turn seldom to their Fountain Head.*

Gonf. *No, 'tis a Tide which carries you away;*
*And Tides may turn, though they can never stay.*

Jul. *Can you pretend to Love, and see my Grief,*
*Caus'd by your self, yet give me no Relief?*

Gonf. *Where's my Reward?*

Jul. *The Honour of the Flame.*

Gonf. *I lose the Substance then, to gain the Name.*

Jul. *I do too much a Mistress's Pow'r betray;*
*Must Slaves be won by Courtship to obey?*
*Thy Disobedience does to Treason rise,*
*Which thou, like Rebels, would'st with Love disguise.*
*I'll kill my self, and if thou canst deny*
*To see me happy, thou shalt see me die.*

Gonf. *O stay! I can with less Regret bequeath*
*My Love to* Rodorick, *than you to Death:*
*And yet*--------

Jul. *What new Objections can you find?*

Gonf. *But are you sure you never shall be kind?*

Jul. *Never.*

Gonf. *What never!*

Jul. *Never to remove.*

Gonf. *Oh fatal Never to Souls damn'd in Love!*

Jul. *Lead me to* Rodorick.

Gonf. *If it must be so!*

Jul. *Here, take my Hand, swear on it, Thou wilt go.*

[He kisses her Hand.

Gonf. *Oh Balmy Sweetness! but 'tis lost to me,*
*Like Food upon a Wretch condemn'd to die:*
*Another, and I vow to go:* ------ *one more;*
*If I swear often, I shall be forsworn.*
*Others against their Wills may haste their Fate;*
*I only toil to be unfortunate:*

More

*More my own Foe than all my Stars could prove;*
*They give her Person, but I give her Love.*
I must not trust my self---------- *Hippolito.*

*Enter* Hippolito.

*Hip.* My Lord!

*Gonſ.* Quickly go find *Don Rodorick* out:
Tell him, The Lady *Julia* will be walking
On the broad Rock that lies beſide the Port,
And there expects to ſee him inſtantly.
In the mean time I'll call for *Amideo.*

*Jul.* You'll keep your Promiſe to *Don Rodorick.*

*Gonſ.* Madam, *Since you bring Death, I welcome it;*
*But to his Fortune, not his Love, ſubmit*------- [*Exit* Gonſalvo.

Hip. *I dare not ask what I too fain would hear:*
*But, like a tender Mother, hope and fear;*
*My equal Twins, my equal Care I make;* [*Aſide.*
*And keep Hope quiet, leſt that Fear ſhould wake.* [*Exit* Hippol.

*Jul.* So, now I'm firmly at my own Diſpoſe;
And all the Letts, my Vertue caus'd, remov'd:
Now, *Rodorick*, I come ---------

*Re-Enter* Gonſalvo.

*Gonſ.* Madam, my Boy's not yet return'd.

*Jul.* No matter; we'll not ſtay for him.

*Gonſ.* Pray make not too much haſte. [*Exeunt* Julia, Gonſalvo.

## SCENE II.

*Enter* Don Rodorick, *and* Servant.

*Rod.* Have you beſpoke a Veſſel as I bid you?

1 *Serv.* I have done better; for I have employ'd
Some, whom I know, this day to ſeize a Ship;
Which they have done; clapping the Men within her
All under Hatches, with ſuch Speed and Silence,
That, though ſhe rides at Anchor in the Port
Amongſt the reſt, the Change is not diſcover'd.

*Rod.* Let my beſt Goods and Jewels be embark'd
With Secrecy: we'll put to Sea this Night.
Have you yet found my Siſter, or her Woman?

*Serv.* Neither, Sir; but, in all probability,
She is with *Manuel.*

*Rod.* Would God the meaneſt Man in *Alicant*
Had *Angellina* rather than *Don Manuel.*
I never can forgive, much leſs forget
How he (the younger Soldier) was preferr'd

To

To that Command of Horſe which was my Due.

*Serv.* And after that, by Force, diſſeiz'd you of Your Quarters------

*Rod.* Should I meet him ſev'n Years hence At the Altar, I would kill him there: ------- I had Forgot to tell you the Deſign we had, To carry *Julia* by Force away, Will now be needleſs, ſhe'll come to the Rock, To ſee me, you, unſeen, ſhall ſtand behind, And carry her into the Veſſel.

*Serv.* Shall I not help you to diſpatch *Don Manuel?*

*Rod.* I neither doubt my Valour, nor my Fortune: But if I die, Revenge me: preſently About your Buſineſs; I muſt to the Rock, For fear I come too late. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

## SCENE III.

*Through a Rock is diſcover'd a Navy of Ships, riding at a Diſtance.*

*Enter* Amideo.

*Amid.* Thus far unſeen by *Manuel*, I have trac'd him: He can be gone no farther than the Walk Behind the Rock; I'll back and tell my Maſter.

*Enter* Hippolito, *at the other End.*

*Hip.* This is the Place where *Rodorick* muſt expect His *Julia:* ------- How! *Amideo* here!

*Amid. Hippolito!*

*Hip.* This were ſo fit a time For my Revenge; had I the Courage now: My Heart ſwells at him, and my Breath grows ſhort; But whether Fear or Anger choaks it up, I cannot tell.

*Amid.* He looks ſo ghaſtfully, Would I were paſt him; yet I fear to try it, Becauſe my Mind miſ-gives me he will ſtop me. B'your Leave, *Hippolito.*

*Hip.* Whither ſo faſt?

*Amid.* You'll not preſume to hinder my Lord's Buſineſs? He ſhall know it.

*Hip.* I'll make you ſure before, For telling any Tales: do you remember, Since you defended *Angellina*'s Beauty Againſt *Honoria*'s; nay, and would maintain it?

*Amid.*

*Amid.* And so I will do still; (I must feign Courage, [*Aside.*
There is no other way.)
*Hip.* I'll so revenge
That Injury (if my Heart fails me not.)
*Amid.* Come, confess truly, for I know it fails you.
What would you give to avoid fighting now?
*Hip.* No, 'tis your Heart that fails.
*Amid.* I scorn the Danger;
Yet, what Compassion on your Youth might do,
I cannot tell; and therefore do not work
Upon my Pity; for I feel already
My stout Heart melts.
*Hip.* Oh! are you thereabouts?
Now I am sure you fear, and you shall fight.
*Amid.* I will not fight.
*Hip.* Confess then, *Angellino*
Is not so fair as is *Honoria.*
*Amid.* I do confess! now you are satisfied?
*Hip.* There's more behind; Confess her not so worthy
To be belov'd; nor to possess *Gonsalvo*,
As fair *Honoria* is.
*Amid.* That's somewhat hard.
*Hip.* But you must do't, or die.
*Amid.* Well, Life is sweet;
She's not so worthy: now let me be gone.
*Hip.* No, never to my Master; Swear to quit
His Service, and no more to see his Face.
*Amid.* I fain would save my Life, but that which you
Propose, is but another Name to die.
I cannot live without my Master's sight.
*Hip.* Then you must fight with me for him.
*Amid.* I would
Do any thing with you, but fighting for him.
*Hip.* Nothing but that will serve.
*Amid.* Lay by your Swords,
I'll scratch with you for him.
*Hip.* That's not Manly.
*Amid.* Well, since it be so, I'll fight:------Unbutton.
[Hippolito *unbuttons slowly.*
How many Buttons has he? I'll be one
Behind him still. [*Aside.*
[*Unbuttons one by one after him.*
[Hippolito *makes more haste.*
You are so prodigal; if you lov'd my Master,
You would not tear his Doublet so: ------- How's this!
Two swelling Breasts! a Woman, and my Rival!
The Stings of Jealousie have giv'n me Courage,

Which

Which Nature never gave me:
Come on, thou vile Dissembler of thy Sex;
Expect no Mercy; either thou or I
Must die upon this Spot: Now for *Gonsalvo.*
Sa------- Sa------

*Hip.* This Courage is not counterfeit; Ah me!
What shall I do? For Pity, gentle Boy------

*Amid.* No Pity; such a Cause as ours
Can neither give nor take it: If thou yield'st,
I will not spare thee; therefore fight it out. [*Tears open his Doublet.*

*Hip.* Death to my Hopes! a Woman! and so rare
A Beauty, that my Lord must needs doat on her.
I should my self, if I had been a Man:
But, as I am, her Eyes shoot Death at me.

*Amid.* Come, have you said your Pray'rs?

*Hip.* For thy Confusion,
Thou ravenous Harpy with an Angel's Face;
Thou art discover'd, thou too charming Rival;
I'll be reveng'd upon those fatal Eyes.

*Amid.* I'll tear out thine.

*Hip.* I'll bite out hungry Morsels
From those plump Cheeks, but I will make 'em thinner.

*Amid.* I'd beat thee to the Blackness of a *Moor*,
But that the Features of thy Face are such;
Such damnable, invincible good Features,
That as an *Æthiop* thou would'st still be lov'd.
I'll quite unbend that black Bow o'er thine Eyes;
I'll murther thee; and *Julia* shall have him,
Rather than thou.

*Hip.* I'll kill both thee and her,
Rather than any one, but I, shall have him.

*Amid.* Come on, thou Witch.

*Hip.* Have at thy Heart, thou Syren.
[*They draw, and fight awkardly, not coming near one another.*

*Amid.* I think I paid you there.

*Hip.* O, stay a little,
And tell me, in what Corner of thy Heart
*Gonsalvo* lies, that I may spare that Place.

*Amid.* He lies in the last Drop of all my Blood,
And never will come out but with my Soul.

*Hip.* Come, come, we dally;
Would one of us were dead, no Matter which. [*They fight nearer.*

*Enter* Don Manuel.

*Man.* The pretty Boys, that serv'd *Gonsalvo*, fighting!
I come in time to save the Life of one.
[Hippolito *gets* Amideo *down in closing:* Manuel *takes away the Swords.*

*Hip.*

*Hip.* For Goodneſs ſake, hinder not my Revenge.
*Amid.* The Noble *Manuel* has ſav'd my Life:
Heav'ns, how unjuſtly have I hated him! [*Aſide.*
*Man.* What is it, gentle Youths, that moves you thus?
I cannot tell what Cauſes you may find;
But truſt me, all the World in ſo much Sweetneſs,
Would be to ſeek where to begin a Quarrel:
You ſeem the little *Cupids* in the Song,
Contending for the Honey-bag.
*Hip.* 'Tis well you're come:
You may prevent a greater Miſchief:
Here 'tis *Gonſalvo* has appointed *Roderick*--------
*Man.* To fight?
*Hip.* What's worſe, to give your Siſter to him.
Won by her Tears, he means to leave her free,
And to redeem her Miſery with his:
At leaſt, I ſo conjecture.
*Man.* 'Tis a doubtful Problem,
Either he loves her violently,
Or not at all.
*Amid.* You have betray'd my Maſter----- [*To* Hippol. *aſide.*
*Hip.* If I have injur'd you, I mean to give you
The Satisfaction of a Gentlewoman----------

*Enter* Gonſalvo *and* Julia.

*Man.* Oh, they are here; now I ſhall be reſolv'd.
*Jul.* My Brother *Manuel!* What Fortune's this!
*Man.* I am glad I have prevented you.
*Gonſ.* With what
Variety my Fate torments me ſtill!
Never was Man ſo dragg'd along by Vertue;
But I muſt follow her.
*Jul.* Noble *Gonſalvo*,
Protect me from my Brother.
*Gonſ.* Tell me, Sir,
When you beſtow'd your Siſter on me, did not
You give her freely up to my Diſpoſe?
*Man.* 'Tis true, I did; but never with Intent
You ſhould reſtore her to my Enemy.
*Gonſ.* 'Tis paſt; 'tis done: ſhe undermin'd my Soul
With Tears; as Banks are ſapp'd away by Streams.
*Man.* I wonder what ſtrange Bleſſing ſhe expects
From the harſh Nature of this *Roderick*;
A Man made up of Malice and Revenge.
*Jul.* If I poſſeſs him, I may be unhappy;
But if I loſe him, I am ſurely ſo.
Had you a Friend ſo deſperately ſick,

That all Physicians had forsook his Cure;
All scorch'd without, and all parch'd up within,
The Moisture, that maintain'd consuming Nature,
Lick'd up, and in a Feaver fry'd away;
Could you behold him beg, with dying Eyes,
A Glass of Water, and refuse it him,
Because you knew it ill for his Disease?
When he would die without it, how could you
Deny to make his Death more easie to him?

*Man.* Talk not to me of Love, when Honour suffers;
The Boys will hiss at me.

*Gonz.* I suffer most:
Had there been Choice, What would I not have chose?
To save my Honour, I my Love must lose:
But Promises once made, are past Debate,
And Truth's of more Necessity than Fate.

*Man.* I scarce can think your Promise absolute;
There might some way be thought on, if you would,
To keep both her and it.

*Gonz.* No, no; my Promise was no Trick of State:
I meant to be made truly wretched first,
And then to die; and I'll perform them both.

*Man.* Then that Revenge I meant on *Rodorick*,
I'll take on you. [*Draws.*

*Gonz.* ——— I draw with much Regret,
As Merchants throw their Wealth into the Sea,
To save their sinking Vessels from a Wrack.

*Man.* I find I cannot lift my Hand against thee:
Do what thou wilt, but let not me behold it; [*Goes off a little way.*
I'll cut this Gordian-Knot I cannot loose:
To keep his Promise, *Rodorick* shall have her,
But I'll return, and rescue her by Force;
Then giving back what he so frankly gave,
At once my Honour and his Love I'll save. [*Exit Manuel.*

*Enter* Rodorick.

*Rod.* How! *Julia* brought by him? ——— Who sent for me?

*Gonz.* 'Twas I.

*Rod.* I know your Business then; 'tis Fighting.

*Gonz.* You're mistaken; 'tis something that I fear.

*Rod.* What is't?

*Gonz.* Why——— 'twill not out: Here, take her,
And deserve her; but no Thanks;
For fear I should consider what I give,
And call it back.———

*Jul.* O my dear *Rodorick!*

*Gonz.* O cruel *Julia!*

For

For Pity, ſhew not all your Joy before me;
Stifle ſome part of it one Minute longer,
Till I am dead.

*Jul.* My *Rodorick* ſhall know,
He owes his *Julia* to you; thank him, Love;
In faith, I take it ill you are ſo ſlow.

*Rod.* You know he has forbid me; and beſide,
He'll take it better from your mouth than mine:
All that you do muſt needs be pleaſing to him.

*Jul.* Still ſullen and unkind!

*Rod.* Why then, in ſhort,
I do not underſtand the Benefit.

*Gonſ.* Not to have *Julia* in thy free Poſſeſſion?

*Rod.* Not brought by you; not of another's leaving.

*Jul.* Speak ſoftly, *Rodorick*: let not theſe hear thee;
But ſpare my Shame for the ill Choice I made.
In loving thee.

*Rod.* I will ſpeak loud, and tell thee,
Thou com'ſt, all cloy'd and tir'd with his Embraces,
To proffer thy pall'd Love to me: his Kiſſes
Do yet bedew thy Lips; the very Print
His Arms made round thy Body, yet remains.

*Gonſ.* O barb'rous Jealouſie!

*Jul.* 'Tis an harſh word,
I am too pure for thee; bu tyet I love thee: [*Offers to take his Hand.*

*Rod.* Away, foul Impudence.

*Gonſ.* Madam, you wrong
Your Vertue, thus to clear it by Submiſſion.

*Jul.* Whence grows this Boldneſs, Sir? Did I ask you
To be my Champion?

*Rod.* He choſe to be your Friend, and not your Husband:
Left that dull part of Dignity to me;
As often, the worſt Actours play the Kings.

*Jul.* This Jealouſie is but exceſs of Paſſion,
Which grows up, wild in every Lover's Breaſt;
But changes Kind, when planted in an Husband.

*Rod.* Well, what I am, I am; and what I will be,
When you are mine; my Pleaſure ſhall determine.
I will receive no Law from any Man.

*Jul.* This ſtrange Unkindneſs of my *Rodorick*,
I owe to thee, and thy unlucky Love;
Henceforth go lock it up within thy Breaſt;
'Tis only harmleſs while it is conceal'd;
But open'd, ſpreads Infection, like a Vault.
Go, and my Curſe go with thee——

*Gonſ.* I cannot go, till I behold you happy:——
——Here, *Rodorick*, receive her on thy Knees;

Use her with that Respect which thou would'st pay
Thy Guardian-Angel, if he could be seen.
------Do not provoke my Anger, by refusing--------
I'll watch thy least Offence to her; each Word,
Nay, every sullen Look: --------
And, as the Devils, who are damn'd to Torments,
Yet have the guilty Souls their Slaves to punish:
So, under me, while I am wretched, thou
Shalt be tormented----------

*Rod.* Would'st thou make me the Tenant of thy Lust;
To toil, and, for my Labour, take the Dregs,
The juicy Vintage being left for thee?
No; she's an infamous, lewd Prostitute;
I loath her at my Soul.

*Gonsa.* I can forbear no longer;
Swallow down thy Life, foul Villain. [*They fight off the Stage*, Exeunt.

*Jul.* Help, help!

*Amid.* Here is that Witch, whose fatal Beauty
Began the Mischief; she shall pay for all. [*Goes to kill* Julia.

*Hip.* I hate her for it more than thou canst do;
But cannot see her die my Master loves. [*Goes between with her Sword.*

*Enter* Gonsalvo, *following* Rodorick; *who falls.*

*Rod.* So; now I am at Rest! --------
I feel Death rising higher still, and higher,
Within my Bosom; every Breath I fetch
Shuts up my Life within a Shorter Compass:
And, like the vanishing Sound of Bells, grows less
And less each Pulse, till it be lost in Air. [*Swoons away.*

*Gonsa.* Down at your Feet, much injur'd Innocence,
I lay that Sword, which----------

*Jul.* Take it up again,
It has not done its Work till I am kill'd:
For ever, ever, thou hast robb'd me of
That Man, that only Man whom I could love:
Dost thou thus Court thy Mistress? Thus oblige her?
All thy Obligements have been fatal yet;
Yet the most fatal now would most oblige me.
Kill me: ------ yet I am kill'd before in him.
I lie there on the Ground; cold, cold and pale:
That Death I die in *Rodorick* is far
More pleasant, than that Life I live in *Julia*--------
-----See how he stands---- when he is bid dispatch me!
How dull! How spiritless! that Sloth possess'd
Thee not, when thou didst kill my *Rodorick*.

*Gonsa.* I'm too unlucky to converse with Men:
I'll pack together all my Mischiefs up,

Gather

Gather with Care each little Remnant of 'em,
That none of 'em be left behind: thus loaded,
Fly to some Desart, and there let them loose,
Where they may never prey upon Mankind.
But you may make my Journey shorter:------Take
This Sword; 'twill shew you how-------
*Jul.* I'll gladly set you on your way. [*Takes his Sword.*

*Enter Three of* Rodorick's *Servants.*

1. Make haste, he's now unarm'd;
We may with ease revenge my Master's Death.
*Jul.* Now these shall do it.
*Gonf.* I'll die by none but you------
*Hip.* O here, take my Sword, Sir.
*Amid.* He shall have mine. [*Both give their Swords to* Gonsalvo.

*Enter* Manuel.

*Man.* Think not of Death,
We'll live and conquer. [*They beat them off.*
*Man.* These Fellows, tho' beat off, will strait return with more;
We must make haste to save our selves.
*Hip.* 'Tis far to the Town,
And 'ere you reach it, you will be discover'd.
*Gonf.* My Life's a Burden to me, were not *Julia*'s
Concern'd; but as it is, she being present,
Will be found accessary to his Death.
*Man.* See where a Vessel lies, not far from Shore;
And near at hand a Boat belonging to her;
Let's haste aboard, and what with Pray'rs and Gifts,
Buy our Concealment there:------Come, *Julia.*
*Gonf.* Alas! she swoons away upon the Body.
*Man.* The Night grows on apace; we'll take her
In Our Arms, and bear her hence.
[*Exeunt* Gonsalvo, *and the Boys, with* Manuel, *carrying* Julia.

*Re-Enter the* Servants.

1. They are all gone, we may return with Safety:
Help me to bear the Body to the Town.
2. He stirs, and breaths a little; there may be
Some hope.
3. The Town's far off, and th' Evening cold;
Let's carry him to th' Ship.
1. Haste then away:
Things once resolv'd, are ruin'd by Delay. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

# ACT V.

## The SCENE *lying in a Carrack.*

*Enter a* Pyrat, *and the* Captain.

*Pyr.* WElcome a Ship-board, *Captain*; you ſtaid long.

*Capt.* No longer than was neceſſary for ſhifting Trades; To change me from a *Pyrat* to a *Robber*.

*Pyr.* There is a fair Change wrought in you ſince yeſterday Morning; then you talk'd of nothing but Repentance, and Amendment of Life.

*Capt.* 'Faith, I have conſider'd better on't: For converſing a whole Day together with honeſt Men, I found 'em all ſo poor and beggarly, that a civil Perſon would be aſham'd to be ſeen with 'em. But you come from *Don Rodorick*'s Cabin; what Hopes have you of his Life?

*Pyr.* No Danger of it, only loſs of Blood Had made him faint away; he call'd for you.

*Capt.* Well, are his Jewels and his Plate brought in?

*Pyr.* They are; When hoiſt we Sails?

*Capt.* At the firſt Break Of Day: When we are got out clear, we'll ſeize On *Rod'rick* and his Men: they are not many, But Fear may make 'em deſperate.

*Pyr.* We may take 'em when they are laid to ſleep.

*Capt.* 'Tis well adviſ'd.

*Pyr.* I forgot to tell you, Sir, That a little before *Don Rod'rick* Was brought in, a Company of Gentlemen (purſu'd, It ſeems, by Juſtice) procur'd our Boat to row 'em Hither: Two of 'em carri'd a very fair Lady betwixt 'em, Who was either dead, or ſwooned.

*Capt.* We'll ſell 'em all together to the *Turk*, (At leaſt I'll tell 'em ſo.) [*Aſide.*

*Pyr.* Pray, Sir, let's reſerve the Lady to our own Uſes; It were a Shame to good *Catholicks* to give her up to *Infidels*.

*Capt.* *Don Rodorick*'s Door opens, I'll ſpeak to him.

[*The* Scene *draws, and diſcovers the* Captain's *Cabin*; Rodorick *in a Bed, and two* Servants *by him.*

*Capt.* How is it with the brave *Don Rodorick?* Do you want any thing?

*Rod.* I have too much of that I would not, Love; And what I would have, that I want, Revenge. I muſt be ſet aſhore.

*Capt.* That you may, Sir;

But

But our own Safety muſt be thought on firſt. [*One enters and whiſpers the* Capt.
I come: ——— Sennor, think you are Lord here, and command
All freely. [*Ex.* Capt. *and* Pyrat.

*Rod.* He does well to bid me think ſo: I am of Opinion
We are fallen into Huckſters Hands.

1 *Serv.* Indeed he talk'd ſuſpiciouſly enough;
He half deni'd to land us.

*Rod.* Theſe, *Pedro*, are your confiding Men——

2 *Serv.* I think 'em ſtill ſo.

*Rod.* Would I were from 'em.

2. 'Tis impoſſible t' attempt it now;
You have not ſtrength enough to walk.

*Rod.* That Venture muſt be mine; we're loſt
If we ſtay here to morrow.

2. I hope better.

1. One, whom I ſaw among 'em, to my Knowledge,
Is a notorious Robber.

2. He look'd ſo like a Gentleman, I could not know him then.

*Rod.* What became of *Julia* when I fell?

2. We left her weeping over you, till we
Were beaten off; but ſhe, and thoſe with her,
Were gone when we return'd.

*Rod.* Too late I find I wrong'd her in my Thoughts;
I'm every way a wretched Man; ———
Something we muſt reſolve on ere we ſleep.
Draw in the Bed, I feel the cold. [*Bed drawn in,* Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

*Enter* Gonſalvo, Manuel, Hippolito, Amideo.

*Hip.* Nay, 'tis too true; for, peeping through a Chink,
I ſaw *Don Rodorick* lying on a Bed,
Not dead, as we ſuppos'd, but only hurt;
So waited on, as ſpoke him Maſter here.

*Man.* Was there ever ſo fatal an Adventure?
To fly into that very Ship for Refuge,
Where th' only Perſon we would ſhun, commands!
This Miſchief is ſo ſtrange, it could not happen,
But was the Plot and Juggle of our Fate,
To free it ſelf, and caſt the Blame on us.

*Gonſ.* This is not yet our Fortune's utmoſt Malice;
The Gall remains behind: this Ship was that
Which yeſterday was mine; I can ſee nothing
Round me, but what's familiar to my Eyes,
Only the Perſons new; which makes me think
'Twas ſeiz'd upon by *Rodorick*, to revenge himſelf on me.

*Man.* 'Tis wonderful indeed.

*Amid.*

*Amid.* The only Comfort is, we are not known,
For when we enter'd it was dark.
*Hip.* That Comfort
Is of as short continuance as the Night,
The Day will soon discover us.
*Man.* Some way must be invented to get out.
*Hip.* Fair *Julia*, sadly pining by her self,
Sits on her Bed; Tears falling from her Eyes
As silently as Dews in dead of Night.
All we consult of must be kept from her,
That Moment that she knows of *Rodorick*'s Life
Dooms us to certain Death.
*Man.* 'Tis well consider'd.
*Gonf.* For my part, were not you and she concern'd,
I look on my Life, like an Estate
So charg'd with Debts, it is not worth the keeping.
We cannot long be undiscover'd by them;
Let us then rush upon them on the sudden,
(All hope of Safety plac'd in our Despair)
And gain quick Victory, or speedy Death.
*Man.* Consider, first, th' Impossibility
Of the Attempt; four Men, and two poor Boys,
(Which added to our Number make us weaker)
Against ten Villains more resolv'd for Death,
Than any ten among our Holiest Priests.
Stay but a little longer, till they all
Disperse to Rest within their several Cabins,
Then more securely we may set upon them,
And kill them half before the rest can wake:
By this means too, the Boys are useful for us;
For they can cut the Throats of sleeping Men.
*Hip.* Now I have the greatest Temptation
In the World, to reveal thou art a Woman. [*To* Amid.
*Amid.* If 'twere not for thy Beauty,
My Master should know what a Man he keeps. [*To her.*
*Hip.* Why should we have recourse to desp'rate ways,
When safer may be thought on?
'Tis like giving the Extreme Unction
In the Beginning of a Sickness:
Can you imagine to find all asleep?
The wicked Joy of having such a Booty
In their Possession, will keep some awake:
And some, no doubt, will watch with wounded *Rodrick*.
*Amid.* What would your Wisdom now propose?
*Hip.* To say,
That some of us are Sea-sick, (your Complexion
Will make th' Excuse for us who are less fair:)

So

So by good Words, and Promiſes procure
We may be ſet aſhore, 'ere Morning come.
*Amid.* O the deep Reaſons of the grave *Hippolito!*
As if 'twere likely, in ſo calm a Seaſon,
We ſhould be ſick ſo ſoon; or, if we were,
Whom ſhould we chuſe among us to go tell it?
For who-e'er ventures out muſt needs be known;
Or, if none knew us, can you think, that Pyrats
Will let us go upon ſuch eaſie Terms,
As promiſing Rewards? -------- Let me adviſe you.
*Hip.* Now we expect an Oracle.
*Amid.* Here are Bundles of Canvas and of Cloth, you ſee, lie by us,
In which, one of us ſhall ſow up the reſt,
Only ſome Breathing-place for Air and Food;
Then call the Pyrats in, and tell them, we,
For Fear, had drown'd our ſelves: and when we come
To the next Port, find means to bring us out.
*Hip.* Pithily ſpoken!
As if you were to bind up Marble-Statues,
Which only bore the Shapes of Men without,
And had no need of ever eaſing Nature.
*Gonſ.* There's but one way left, that's this:
You know the Rope, by which the Cock-boat's ty'd,
Goes down by th' Stern, and, now we are at Anchor,
There ſits no Pilot to diſcover us;
My Counſel is, to go down by the Ladder,
And, being once there, unlooſe, and row to Shore.
*Man.* This, without doubt, were beſt; but there lies ever
Some one or more within the Boat to watch it.
*Gonſ.* I'll ſlide down firſt, and run the Venture of it;
You ſhall come after me, if there be need, to give me ſuccour.
*Man.* 'Tis the only way.
*Gonſ.* Go into *Julia* then, and firſt prepare her
With Knowledge of the Pyrats, and the Danger
Her Honour's in among ſuch barb'rous People.
*Man.* Leave it to me.
*Amid.* *Hippolito* and *Julia*,
My Rivals like two pointed Rocks appear;
And I through both muſt to *Gonſalvo* ſteer. [*Aſide.*

[Exeunt *all but* Hippolito.

*Hip.* As from ſome ſteep and dreadful Precipice,
The frighted Traveller caſts down his Eyes,
And ſees the Ocean at ſo great a diſtance,
It looks as if the Skies were ſunk below him;
Yet if ſome neighb'ring Shrub (how weak ſo-e'er)
Peeps up, his willing Eyes ſtop gladly there,
And ſeem to eaſe themſelves, and reſt upon it:

So in my desp'rate State, each little Comfort
Preserves me from Despair; *Gonsalvo* strove not
With greater Care to give away his *Julia*,
Than I have done to part with my *Gonsalvo*;
Yet neither brought to pass our hateful Wish:
Then we may meet, since different ways we move,
Chasing each other in the Maze of Love. [*Exit* Hippol.

## SCENE III.

*Enter* Don Rodorick, *carried by two* Servants.

1 *Serv.* It was the only way that could be thought on,
To get down by the Ladder to the Boat.

2. You may thank me for that Invention.

*Rod.* What a noise is here! when the least Breath's
As dang'rous as a Tempest.

2. If any of those Rogues should hear him talk,
In what a Case were we?

*Rod.* O Patience, Patience! this Ass brays out for silence.

*Enter, at the other end,* Manuel *leading* Julia; Gonsalvo, Hippolito, Amideo.

*Gonf.* Hark! what noise is that? go softly.
[*They meet on the middle of the Stage.*

*Rod.* Who's here! I am betray'd; and nothing grieves me,
But I want strength to die with Honour?

*Jul. Rodorick!* Is it thy Voice, my Love? Speak, and resolve me,
Whether thou liv'st, or I am dead with thee?

*Man.* Kill him, and force your Way.

*Rod.* Is *Manuel* there? Hold up my Arm,
That I may make one thrust at him before I die.

*Gonf.* Since we must fall,
We'll sell our Lives as dearly as we can.

1 *Serv.* And we'll defend our Master to the last. [*Fight.*

*Enter* Pyrats, *without their* Captain.

1 *Pyr.* What's the meaning of this Uproar?
Quarrelling amongst your selves at Midnight?

2 *Pyr.* We are come in a fit time to decide the Difference.

*Man.* Hold, Gentlemen, we're equally concern'd, [*To* Rodorick's *Servants.*
We, for our own; you, for your Master's Safety:
If we join Forces, we may then resist 'em;
If not, both sides are ruin'd.

1 *Serv.* We agree.

*Gonf.* Come o'er on our side then. [*They join.*

1 *Pyr.* A mischief on our Captain's Drousiness;
We're lost for want of him. [*They fight.*

*Gonf.* Dear Madam, get behind: [*To* Julia.

While

While you are safe, we cannot be o'ercome.

[*They drive off the* Pyrats, *and follow them off.* Rodorick *remains on the ground.*

*Rod.* I had much rather my own Life were lost,
Than *Manuel*'s were preserv'd.--------

*Re-Enter the* Pyrats, *retreating before* Gonsalvo, *&c.*

1 *Pyr.* All's lost; they fight like Devils,
And our Captain yet sleeping in his Bed.

2. Here lies *Don Rodorick*;
If we must die, we'll not leave him behind. [*Goes to kill him.*

*Jul.* O spare my *Rod'rick*'s Life, and in Exchange take mine;
I put my self within your Power, to Save or Kill.

1 *Pyr.* So here's another Pawn for all our Safeties.

*Man.* Heav'n! what has she done?

*Gons.* Let go the Lady, or expect no Mercy:
The least Drop of her Blood is worth all yours, and mine together.

1 *Pyr.* I am glad you think so:
Either deliver up your Sword, or mine
Shall pierce her Heart this moment.

*Gons.* Here, here, take it.

*Man.* You are not mad to give away all hopes [Manuel *holds him.*
Of Safety and Defence, from us, from her,
And from your self at once!

*Gons.* When she is dead, what is there worth defending?

*Man.* Will you trust a Pyrat's Promise, sooner than your Valour?

*Gons.* Any thing rather than see her in danger.

1 *Pyr.* Nay, if you dispute the matter! [*Holds his Sword to her Breast.*

*Gons.* I yield, I yield; Reason to Love must bow:
Love, that gives Courage, can make Cowards too. [*Gives his Sword.*

*Jul.* O strange Effect of a most generous Passion!

*Rod.* His Enemies themselves must needs admire it.

*Man.* Nay, if *Gonsalvo* makes a Fashion of it,
'Twill be Valour to die tamely. [*Gives his.*

*Hip.* I am for dying too with my dear Master.

*Amid.* My Life will go as eas'ly as a Fly's,
The least Fillip does it in this fright.

1 *Pyr.* One call our Captain up; tell him, he deserves little of the Booty.

*Jul.* It has so much prevail'd upon my Soul,
I ever must acknowledge it. [*To* Gonsalvo.

*Rod.* *Julia* has Reason, if she love him;
Yet I find I cannot bear it. [*Aside.*

*Gons.* Say but you love me, I am more than paid.

*Jul.* You ask that only thing I cannot give;
Were I not *Rod'rick*'s first, I should be yours;
My violent Love for him I know is faulty,
Yet Passion never can be plac'd so ill,
But that to change it is the greater Crime:
Inconstancy is such a Guilt as makes

That very Love ſuſpected which it brings;
It brings a Gift, but 'tis of ill-got Wealth,
The Spoils of ſome forſaken Lover's Heart:
Love alter'd once, like Blood let out before,
Will loſe its Virtue, and can cure no more.
*Gonſ.* In thoſe few minutes which I have to live,
To be call'd yours is all I can enjoy;
*Rodorick* receives no Prejudice by that;
I would but make ſome ſmall Acquaintance here,
For fear I never ſhould enquire you out
In that new World which we are going to.
*Amid.* Then I can hold no longer;------ you deſire
In Death to be call'd hers; and all I wiſh
Is dying to be yours.
*Hip.* You'll not diſcover? [*Aſide.*
*Amid.* See here the moſt unfortunate of Women,
That *Angellina* whom you all thought loſt;
And loſt ſhe was indeed, when ſhe beheld *Gonſalvo* firſt.
*All.* How, *Angellina*!
*Rod.* Ha! My Siſter?
*Amid.* I thought to have fled Love in flying *Manuel*,
But Love purſu'd me in *Gonſalvo*'s Shape;
For him I ventur'd all that Maids hold dear,
Th' Opinion of my Modeſty and Vertue,
My Loſs of Fortune, and my Brother's Love.
For him I have expos'd my ſelf to Dangers,
Which (great themſelves, yet) greater would appear,
If you could ſee them through a Woman's Fear:
But why do I my Right by Dangers prove?
The greateſt Argument for Love, is Love:
That Paſſion, *Julia*, while he lives, denies,
He ſhould refuſe to give her when he dies:
Yet grant he did his Life to her bequeath,
May I not claim my Share of him in Death?
I only beg, when all the Glory's gone,
The heatleſs Beams of a departing Sun.
*Gonſ.* Never was Paſſion hid ſo modeſtly, ſo generouſly reveal'd.
*Man.* We're now a Chain of Lovers link'd in Death;
*Julia* goes firſt, *Gonſalvo* hangs on her,
And *Angellina* holds upon *Gonſalvo*, as I on *Angellina*.
*Hip.* Nay, here's *Honoria* too:------
You look on me with Wonder in your Eyes,
To ſee me here, and in this ſtrange Diſguiſe.
*Jul.* What new Miracle is this? *Honoria*!
*Man.* I left you with my Aunt at *Barcellona*,
And thought, 'ere this, you had been married to
The old rich Man, *Don Eſtevan de Gama*.

*Hip.*

*Hip.* I ever had a ſtrange Averſion for him;
But when *Gonſalvo* landed there, and made
A kind of Courtſhip, (though it ſeems in jeſt)
It ſerv'd to conquer me, which *Eſtevan*
Perceiving, preſt my Aunt to haſte the Marriage.
What ſhould I do? My Aunt importun'd me,
For the next Day: *Gonſalvo*, though I lov'd him,
Knew not my Love; nor was I ſure his Courtſhip
Was not th'Effect of a bare Gallantry.

*Gonſ.* Alas! how griev'd I am, that ſlight Addreſs
Should make ſo deep Impreſſions on your Mind, in three days time.

*Hip.* That Accident in which
You ſav'd my Life, when firſt you ſaw me, caus'd it.
Though now the Story be too long to tell;
How-e'er it was, hearing that Night you lay
Aboard your Ship, thus, as you ſee, diſguis'd,
In Clothes belonging to my youngeſt Nephew,
I roſe 'ere Day, reſolv'd to find you out,
And, if I could, procure to wait on you
Without Diſcovery of my ſelf; but Fortune croſs'd all my Hopes.

*Gonſ.* It was that diſmal Night,
Which tore my Anchor up, and toſt my Ship,
Paſt hope of Safety, many days together,
Until at length it threw me on this Port.

*Hip.* I will not tell you what my Sorrows were
To find you gone; but there was now no Help.
Go back again I durſt not; but, in fine,
Thought beſt, as faſt as my weak Legs would bear me,
To come to *Alicant*, and find my Siſter,
Unknown to any elſe: But being near
The City, I was ſeiz'd upon by Thieves,
From whom you reſcu'd me; the reſt you know.

*Gonſ.* I know too much indeed for my Repoſe.

*Enter* Captain.

*Capt.* Do you know me?

*Gonſ.* Now I look better on thee,
Thou ſeem'ſt a greater Villain than I thought thee.

*Jul.* 'Tis he.

*Hip.* That bloody Wretch who robb'd us in the Woods.

*Gonſ.* Slave; dar'ſt thou lift thy Hand againſt me?
Dar'ſt thou touch any one whom he protects,
Who gave thee Life? But I accuſe my ſelf,
Not thee: The Death of all theſe guiltleſs Perſons
Became my Crime, that Minute when I ſpar'd thee.

*Capt.* It is not all your Threats can alter me,
From what I have reſolv'd.

*Gonſ.*

*Gonſ.* Begin then firſt with me.

*Capt.* I will, by laying here my Sword.

[*Lays his Sword at* Gonſalvo's *feet.*

*All.* What means this ſudden Change?

*Capt.* 'Tis neither new, nor ſudden: from that time
You gave me Life, I watch'd how to repay it;
And *Rod'rick*'s Servant gave me ſpeedy means
T' effect my Wiſh: For, telling me, his Maſter
Meant a Revenge on you, and on *Don Manuel*,
And then to ſeize on *Julia*, and depart:
I proffer'd him my Aid to ſeize a Veſſel;
And having, by enquiry, found out yours,
Acquainted firſt the Captain with my Purpoſe,
To make a ſeeming Maſt'ry of the Ship.

*Man.* How durſt he take your word?

*Capt.* That I ſecur'd,
By letting him give notice to the Ships
That lay about: this done, knowing the Place
You were to fight on was behind the Rock;
Not far from thence, I, and ſome choſen Men,
Lay out of ſight, that, if foul Play were offer'd,
We might prevent it:
But came not in; becauſe, when there was need,
*Don Manuel*, who was nearer, ſtept before me.

*Gonſ.* Then the Boat, which ſeem'd
To lie by chance, hulling not far from Shore,
Was plac'd by your Direction there?

*Capt.* It was.

*Gonſ.* You're truly Noble; and I owe much more
Than my own Life, and Fortunes to your Worth.

*Capt.* 'Tis time I ſhould reſtore their Liberty,
To ſuch of yours as yet are ſeeming Priſ'ners.
I'll wait on you again. [*Exit* Captain.

*Rod.* My Enemies are happy, and the Storm
Prepar'd for them, muſt break upon my Head.

*Gonſ.* So far am I from Happineſs, Heav'n knows,
My Griefs are doubled: --------
I ſtand ingag'd in hopeleſs Love to *Julia*;
In Gratitude to theſe:
Here I have giv'n my Heart, and here I owe it.

*Hip.* Dear Maſter, trouble not your ſelf for me;
I ever made your Happineſs my own;
Let *Julia* witneſs with what Faith I ſerv'd you,
When you employ'd me in your Love to her.
I gave your Noble Heart away, as if
It had been ſome light Gallant's, little worth:
Not that I lov'd you leſs than *Angellina*,

But

But my ſelf leſs than You.

*Gonſ.* Wonder of Honour!
Of which my C..n was but a fainter Shadow,
When I gave *Julia*, whom I could not keep.
You fed a Fire within, with too rich Fuel,
In giving it your Heart to prey upon;
The ſweeteſt Off'ring that was ever burnt,
Since laſt the *Phœnix* di'd.

*Hip.* If *Angellina* knew, like me, the Pride
Of Noble Minds, which is to give, not take;
Like me, ſhe would be ſatisfi'd, her Heart
Was well beſtow'd, and ask for no Return.

*Amid.* Pray let my Heart alone; you'll uſe it as
The Gypſies do our Money;
If they once touch it, they have Pow'r upon't.

*Enter the* Servant, *who appear'd in the firſt* Act *with* Gonſalvo.

*Serv.* O my dear Lord, *Gonſalvo de Peralta!*

*Rod. De Peralta*, ſaid you? You amaze me!

*Gonſ.* Why, do you know that Family in *Sevil?*

*Rod.* I am my ſelf the Elder Brother of it.

*Gonſ. Don Rod'rick de Peralta!*

*Rod.* I was ſo,
Until my Mother di'd, whoſe Name, *de Sylva*,
I choſe, (our Cuſtom not forbidding it)
Three Years ago, when I return'd from *Flanders*:
I came here to poſſeſs a fair Eſtate,
Left by an Aunt; her Siſter, for whoſe Sake
I take that Name, and lik'd the Place ſo well,
That never ſince I have return'd to *Sevil*.

*Gonſ.* 'Twas then that Change of Name, which caus'd my Letters
All to miſcarry: What a happy Tempeſt
Was this, which would not let me reſt at *Sevil*,
But blew me farther on to ſee you here.

*Amid.* Brother, I come to claim a Siſter's Share;
But you're too near me, to be nearer now.

*Gonſ.* In my room let me beg you to receive *Don Manuel*.

*Amid.* I take it half unkindly,
You give me from your ſelf ſo ſoon; *Don Manuel*,
I know, is worthy, and but yeſterday
Preſerv'd my Life; but it will take ſome time
To change my Heart.

*Man.* I'll watch it patiently, as *Chymiſts* do
Their Golden Birth; and, when 'tis chang'd, receive it
With greater Care, than they the rich Elixir,
Juſt paſſing from one Vial to another.

*Rod.* *Julia* is ſtill my Brother's, though I loſe her.

*Gonſ.* You ſhall not loſe her; *Julia* was born
For none but you;
And I for none but my *Honoria.*
*Julia* is yours by Inclination;
And I, by Conqueſt, am *Honoria*'s
*Hon.* 'Tis the moſt glorious one, that e'er was made:
And I, no longer will diſpute my Happineſs.
*Rod. Julia*, you know my peeviſh Jealouſies;
I cannot promiſe you a better Husband,
Than you have had a Servant.
*Jul.* I receive you with all your Faults.
*Rod.* And think, when I am froward,
My ſullen Humour puniſhes it ſelf;
I'm, like a Day in *March*, ſometimes o'er-caſt
With Storms, but then the After-clearneſs is
The greater: The worſt is, where I love moſt,
The Tempeſt falls moſt heavy.
*Jul.* Ah! ah! What a little time to Love is lent,
Yet half that time is in Unkindneſs ſpent.
*Rod.* That you may ſee ſome hope of my Amendment,
I give my Friendſhip to *Don Manuel*, 'ere
My Brother asks, or he himſelf deſires it.
*Man.* I'll ever cheriſh it.
*Gonſ.* Since, for my Sake, you become Friends, my Care
Shall be to keep you ſo: You, Captain, ſhall
Command this Carrack, and, with her, my Fortunes:
You, my *Honoria*, though you have an Heart
Which *Julia* left, yet think it not the worſe;
'Tis not worn out, but poliſh'd by the wearing.
Your Merit ſhall her Beauty's Pow'r remove;
Beauty but gains, Obligement keeps our Love. [*Exeunt.*

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*FINIS.*